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CLELAND

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page. The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. It is paid for each extract published on this page.

Among the hundreds of letters we receive some contain one brief line of humor, drama, or inspiration. For these briefer lines a payment of 5/- will be made.

Winnie the War Winner



"Major, I went to a fancy dress ball as an incendiary bomb—and they put me out."

Sgt. G. Hornby in Port Moresby to his fiancée, Miss M. Brown, Mercer St., Geelong, Vic.:

"ONE of the most humorous incidents during our first air raid concerned a pet cockatoo, owned by one of the airmen on the station.

"The sex of the bird had been the subject of much speculation.

"However, the bird amazed everyone by producing two white eggs overnight.

"The bird is now setting on them, and it remains to be seen what the next air raid brings forth."

Gunner J. Dolzell in Darwin to Mrs. J. Dolzell, Chesterfield Pde., Waverley, N.S.W.:

"WE were the first battery to open fire on the enemy in Darwin, and the first unit to go into action on Australian soil.

"As soon as the first shots were fired, the general alarm was given, and all the A.A. in Darwin started pumping shells, and put up a terrific barrage.

"They circled over our battery, flying very low, and the machine-guns opened out and brought one down in flames, and one of our big guns, firing at point-blank range, blew the engine out of another.

"The other four then turned and came straight at us.

"I was wishing to heaven I'd joined the machine-guns as they are hidden in the scrub—small targets compared with us A.A.'s.

"Our gun and another caught the lot, but as they turned to go we got the last one.

"They then made off, leaving us shaken, but feeling good for those we'd brought down."

An Australian gunner with the R.A.F. in England to Miss Nancy Gepp, Aberdeen St., Blackburn, Vic.:

"I HAVE been flying as tail gunner in one of the Sunderlands.

"Had a little excitement when we went searching for the crew of an R.A.F. plane which had been forced down out in the ocean.

"We found them after several hours, and the whole crew were crowded into a rubber dinghy. Were they glad to see us!

"Our pilot made a very good landing on a fairly rough sea, and we picked up the crew, who were wet and cold.

"Every minute the sea was getting rougher, so we got off again as soon as possible.

"During the trip back the riggers took their wet clothes and we gave them our inner flying suits or whatever we could find that was dry.

"A couple of days later we were flying along, a few hours before dawn, when we were surprised to see tracer bullets flying all round us.

"Just about dawn I was relieved in the tail to go for my breakfast. After having eaten, another member of the crew and myself began to take down the blackouts from the portholes, and we were amazed to see everything covered in oil.

"It was discovered that we had a few holes in our oil tank, for the bullets had not missed us after all.

"However, the fitters climbed into the wing and put oil in the tank out of a spare drum, after plugging the holes in the tank.

"They also gathered as much as they could from inside the wing and put that back into the tank, enabling us to return to our base."

Corp. J. A. Richards in Palestine to Miss D. M. Hopkins, 8 Midgley St., Victoria Park, Perth, W.A.:

"WHILE in Haifa we went to Mt. Carmel to see the monastery which was built by the French in the sixteenth century.

"The monk himself escorted us into the little chapel. He opened the door and, removing our hats, we stood with bated breath on the threshold.

"The walls, floor, and ceiling were of pure marble. Beautiful paintings of Biblical events adorned the walls and ceiling.

"At the farther end of the chapel was a cavern supported by pillars of marble with four marble steps leading down.

"The monk went first, and lit two candles set in exquisite gold candlesticks.

"On a pedestal was a statue of Jesus holding out his arms in an appealing manner. The effect was extraordinary. We stood in speechless reverence and admiration.

"It was so real and the effect of the candlelight made it appear to us that the arms moved slightly in the appealing attitude.

"We came out to the courtyard four alien men, and for about ten minutes we stood gazing out across the bay, before returning to Haifa.

"What we saw that day will live forever in our memory of beautiful things."

Pte. George Simpson in Java to his wife in Annandale St., Annandale, N.S.W.:

"WE had to give up the job in Malaya, but we live to do our best here in Java.

"We had some adventure getting away from Singapore, but more humorous than dangerous.

"The first time we went down to the harbor there was no boat, so back we went to camp again.

"Two days later volunteers were called to man a small ship. You may be sure they found plenty.

"We had our own stoker, deckhands, and, I'm told, even provided men to steer the vessel.

"We set sail, but after a few hours we lost our way, failed to pick up a buoy, so we turned back for Singapore.

"We set off again, and this time got right past all buoys. Next day we went for cover into a small bay but sailed too close to the shore and buried the ship's nose in the mud.

"Next night we were still fast in the mud, and had to wait till high tide to pull out. Then we discovered we had developed a nice leak; in fact, we had nearly broken the back of the old tub.

"We pulled in again next day, but discovered this island to be a very hot spot.

"Got going again, and with no further delay arrived here safe and heard if we had not gone aground we would have been bombed."

From four fronts

A soldier, then in Malaya, to a girl-friend in Croydon, N.S.W.:

"At one stage the shells were so thick you could have walked back to the Japanese lines on them."

A private, then in Malaya, to Mrs. H. S. Netting, Ganmain, N.S.W.:

"It is quite right about the Huns fighting with the Japs. We killed a lot of German officers."

Sapper J. Price, in Darwin, to Miss R. Henry, Mannus, via Tumbarumba, N.S.W.

"The Jap planes flew so high they looked just like table-knives glittering."

Sgt. C. Phillips, R.A.A.F. in Port Moresby, to Mrs. Patching, Balgowlah, N.S.W.:

"My companion in the trench was 'Watto', a native boy with frizzy hair. He was like a timid rabbit as the planes drew closer, tucked his head in under my arm, but took the raid very well indeed."

Member of the R.A.A.F. in Darwin to a friend in Barcaldine, Qld.:

"One of the hotels got a stock of beer in. Customers had to bring their own drinking vessels. They arrived with bottles, pints, mugs, tobacco tins, jam tins, and one chap brought a galvanised iron bucket, but the publican knocked him back."

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



MR. C. K. GAMBLE

American Red Cross delegate

APPOINTED American Red

Cross delegate for Australia. Mr. C. K. Gamble, of Melbourne, will have charge of all the society's activities in this country.

Since outbreak of war Mr. Gamble, who has resided in Australia for fifteen years, has been chairman, publicity committee, Australian Comforts Fund, and liaison officer for Anzac War Relief Fund, New York. Served with American Forces in France last war.



MRS. M. de RESKE

Warden's auxiliary commandant

COMMANDANT, Women's

Warden's Auxiliary, City of Sydney. Mrs. M. de Reske has worked as a warden during London air raids. In Sydney she directs activities of more than 1000 women trained in A.R.P. duties, who staff warden's posts in day-time and provide regular food service for A.R.P. personnel on night duty.



MR. F. G. BARNES

Of degaussing fame

MR. F. G. BARNES, inventor of famous degaussing device for neutralising effects of magnetic mines, recently returned to Australia from England. He was formerly mining engineer in Melbourne. Is at work on other inventions.

Mr. Barnes was in England when first magnetic mine was recovered. Six days later he lodged with British Patent Office specifications for his neutralising device, which has saved millions of tons of shipping.



The tongue test says,

"use

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MEXICO IS SO ROMANTIC

Bright comedy of a young couple whose holiday plans produced unexpected pitfalls.

By ...
ROBERT CARSON

EVERYBODY said the fifth year of marriage was the most difficult. At that time it seemed, as they grew irritable and absent-minded, and husbands often began looking at blondes. If you could only survive that year successfully you were very apt to go on.

But with Johnny and Mary it was the third year, and what they had to survive was Mexico.

The third year of their marriage was a pretty good one for them. They had eighteen hundred and forty dollars in the bank. The bank that held their money also employed Johnny. It was called the First Union Bank, and Johnny was a clerk and holding down his job to the great satisfaction of everyone concerned.

They were very happy until July, as they had been ever since they met in a dark cinema and Johnny sat in Mary's lap thinking it was an empty seat.

This hot July Johnny started feeling tired. He was going to take his holiday the first two weeks in September. The heat had something to do with his fatigue, and also the eighteen hundred dollars. Mary was mainly responsible for saving it, but Johnny felt the weight of it more.

They had spent their first two holidays, plus part of their honeymoon, on the farm in Connecticut where Mary's parents lived. The old folks were always glad to see them; it didn't cost anything and the food was good, but Johnny was a little tired of it. Besides, they had eighteen hundred dollars.

He felt there must be something more than swimming in a lake, shooting rabbits, slapping horse flies, and going to bed at nine o'clock at night.

The wanderlust was creeping on him. Far countries were calling.

They commenced calling when Bob Hamilton, who stood next to him at the bank counter, came back from his two weeks of roving. Bob was a bachelor and always took his holiday early. He returned to the bank with a tan and bright memories of a tour to romantic old Mexico.

Johnny listened intently, enthralled. He had never been to a foreign country, and here was one practically next door. It was about the last place in the world you could visit without your own air force. What he heard made the farm seem pretty silly by comparison.

That night Johnny had much to tell Mary. He began tentatively.

"Have you given any thought," he said carefully, "to where we're going to spend our holiday this year?"

Mary was surprised. "The farm, aren't we?"

"It's not inevitable. We could go somewhere else. To Mexico, perhaps."

"Mexico!" Mary said, pronouncing it in the same tones as she would have the North Pole.

"Well, what's the matter with Mexico?" Johnny demanded. "Bob Hamilton has just come back. He says it's the most wonderful place he's ever seen."

"He would."

"It's a foreign country, Mary! It's strange, romantic, colorful. When you've been there, you have memories all the rest of your life to look back on."

"I've enough memories now," Mary said.

"Going to a foreign country broadens you. Gives you a wider outlook, deeper understanding."

"Let me see the travel folder."

"I haven't been reading any folder!" Johnny said. "But you just look at Bob. He's a changed man."

"Any change would be for the better," Mary said.

"Oh, all right," Johnny said, glaring at her. "Have it your own way."

"Go on," Mary told him. "Get it off your chest."

"Well, you take Cuernavaca," Johnny said. "Probably the most popular holiday spot in Mexico. There's a sixteenth-century cathedral and a place with frescoes by Rivera—"

"Who's Rivera?"

"He does frescoes. And they've got waterfalls there, too."

"They've got falls at Niagara," Mary said. "but I don't want to go and see them." She got up. "Let's do the dishes."

Mary washed and Johnny wiped, as usual. The silence between them grew sullen. They hadn't been married long enough to fight, but their silence technique was eloquent. When they finished, Mary removed her rubber gloves and smiled.

"Don't be cross," she said. "I'll buy you a balloon or something."

"Oh, I'm not cross," Johnny told her. "But what you fail to realise is that I'm tired. I need a good rest, and I can't get it without a complete change of scene."

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It was obvious, Johnny saw, that Mary liked Carlos to kiss her hand.

MURDER for TEA

Mystery Serial



THE STORY SO FAR:

CHATTY PHILLIPS, notorious for breaking up the homes of her married friends, is poisoned by cyanide at a reception given by the *Nashiona Woman's Club* in honor of **SHAWN COSGRAVE**, popular author of detective stories, who is accompanying **KIT**, his wife, on a visit to her **AUNT LIDE**.

Complicating feature of the murder is a mysterious package which Chatty has tried to smuggle, with Kit's help, to **TOM ROBERTSON**, without letting **EVE**, his wife, know of it. Immediately after the murder Tom disappears, and the Bethune Jewellery Company, which Chatty owned, is burgled.

At the request of **MRS. SPENCER**, president of the *Woman's Club*, Shawn undertakes to conduct a private investigation of the case. Tom is found drowned, and the package recovered from his pocket by **SERGEANT O'CONNOR**, in charge of the case, turns out to contain paste copies of Eve's diamond earrings.

Now read on—

"S o m e thing's wrong. Can't you tell me what it is?" Kit asked Norma.

want something are you gonna call the mayor personally to get it?" Shawn shrugged. "So long as I get it—"

"Oh, you'll get it all right," the sergeant snorted. "Especially since it's about six weeks till the beginning of the year and the new police appointments. And if you're wanting help now—"

"Sorry," Shawn said, "but I'm not."

So the sergeant left after warning us that we were certain to find nothing since the place had already been gone over by those more qualified for searching than we were. Shawn grunted at that.

"Sure and it wouldn't be the police he's meaning," he said and touched a switch that flooded the hallway with light. "Now as I'm remembering, the auditorium is yonder to our left and over here should be what we're wanting—"

It was and it was a mess. Apparently the lounge had been locked upon police order immediately after the murder. At any rate, the room was as we had seen it last save for whatever additional disorder the police search had engendered. The roses upon the serving table had long since withered and the sandwiches upon the silver plates curled into staleness. The fragile icings were fallen from the little cakes.

The rest of the room looked much the same. Cups stained unpleasantly with tea and plates upon which were the nibbled remains of sandwiches littered chair and table tops. Upon the floor near the fireplace lay the dried fragments of my flowers as I had dropped them. Only the shards of Chatty's cup were missing.

I looked at Shawn and I said, "What do you expect to learn here?" Shawn said, "I don't know yet. Not very promising is it?"

It was hopeless from the start and I think Shawn knew it. There had been close to two hundred people within that room and how were we to distinguish between one and the other hundred and ninety-nine. The best that could be said of our coming here to-night was that it was an accepted gesture and Shawn had made it.

Surgical dressings in wartime...

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IT was after dinner and we were having coffee in the library. At least Aunt Lide and I were. Shawn's cup was growing cold upon the piano while he prowled restlessly back and forth.

He'd been higher than a kite ever since the inquest, although what there'd been in that to upset him I didn't know. The questions the coroner had droned had seemed to concern us not at all. Even the verdict, "that the aforesaid Charity Bethune Phillips came to her death at the hands of a person or persons unknown," had sounded meaningless in contrast with the ghastly scene of two days before.

But Shawn had come back from the court-room shaken and unnerved, and as the hours passed he had grown worse instead of better.

Now he said, "I was the fool of the world to be talked into it. I've not even an end to lead me nowhere."

"Of course," I said guiltily, "it sounds easier in books. I suppose it would have to. No book detective ever wonders where to start. If he hasn't an end to follow, he cuts his yarn and makes one. Why, even Samuel Bronson—"

"Who," Aunt Lide asked curiously, "is Samuel Bronson?"

Shawn was looking at me with what seemed to be actual dislike. I smiled at him. I said, "Samuel Bronson is Shawn's detective—the one who solves the cases in his books. He's a very clever man. You never find him at a loss."

"And why should he be," Shawn demanded, "seeing he's my own backing and brains behind him? And may I remind you, Katherine, as you've reminded me before this day, that this is one murder I've neither planned nor written?"

"But you could think about it as though you had," I argued. "What would Samuel Bronson do first—that sort of thing?"

Shawn looked sulky. "I'd not be knowing—"

"Well, I would," I told him. "It's

the thing he's done in every single book so far and if you'd stand still long enough to think you'd know it yourself. He visits the scene of the crime—"

I got no further. Shawn let out a war whoop in which excitement mingled strangely with exaltation.

"And why not?" he demanded. "Sure and it's not such a bad idea, is it now, Kit? It's the smart man he is—Sam Bronson—and a smarter his creator who's not above learning cleverness from his own puppet. I'm thinking it's what we'd best be doing ourselves and right away. We'll revisit the scene of the crime—to-night—"

"But you can't!" I said. "Shawn, be sensible! It's late and you haven't the keys—the place is certain to be locked up—and besides, the police wouldn't let you."

"Let me, is it?" Shawn said disdainfully and reached for the telephone. "And whatever for is that

By EDITH HOWIE

Mrs. Spencer and her friend the lady mayoress if not to smooth the paths of those unfortunates they've set themselves to solving the impossible?"

I sat and listened while Shawn blarneyed Mrs. Spencer into making all arrangements for him. He had a nice serene expression when he came away from the telephone.

"It's as I thought," he told me loftily. "It's a fine thing to be having influence and the suitable place for using it as these women will be learning. You'd best get your hat. The sergeant himself will be meeting us with the keys."

When we reached the Warner Building, the dark bulk of a police car was already drawn up in front of it. As Shawn swooped into position behind it, the sergeant's figure detached itself and ambled towards us.

"Here's the keys," he said and then reproachfully. "Every time you

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The WHISPERING PASSENGERS



"Did y' read that bunk?" Haughan asked Sally Lou.

SALLY Lou Cozzens sat on a stool and sipped orange drink through a straw and reflected blissfully that few typists in the operations division of Great Basin Air Transport had ever occupied so exalted a position. She could put out one hand and touch the four-striped sleeve of Flag-Captain Dan Haughan, who was probably the best-known commercial transport pilot in America.

Dan Haughan, six feet and two inches and 230 pounds of him, sitting at the soda fountain at the Salt Lake City airport and drinking a double chocolate milk and teasing a typist in Operations who was returning on an employee's pass from a vacation in the Utah mountains.

Her other hand could, and occasionally did, touch the sleeve of Larry Maitland. Only one gold stripe there, which meant that he was just a first officer, a co-pilot, but he'd have the second some day and then they'd be married.

They would be if Sally Lou Cozzens had any say in the matter, and if there was any significance in the fact that Flying-Officer Maitland had wangled a couple of days off and had spent them riding and talking with her at the mountain dude ranch.

Not that he'd mentioned matrimony. He'd remarked that a co-pilot had no business thinking of such a thing, but that a two-striper

could. Larry Maitland was six feet of contradiction to the rule that pilots always fall in love with stewardesses. Sally Lou had never quite trusted stewardesses. They were invariably pretty and they knew the answers and Larry Maitland was just a man.

Stewardesses got the breaks, like the one in the magazine at her elbow. She'd recognized at a glance the bandits who had ordered the pilot to fly them to a secret field in Mexico. She'd felled them—oh, so cleverly!—and after they'd been turned over to the police she'd gone into the to-be-expected clinch with the pilot.

A typist had to wait until she

do, skipper, if a pilot called his bluff and told him to take the controls?"

"He'd pass out. What would you or I do if we were told to take over a submarine?"

"But it could happen, Captain," Sally Lou cried. "A man could go forward and—"

"How?" grunted Dan Haughan. "Try it and see what happens! The lines figured on that possibility years ago. The door in the forward bulkhead doesn't open unless Larry or I push a button, and we don't push it until we know who's coming through. It happens we have a gun up front, too. It's as much a part of our equipment as the route map."

"But just suppose it did happen?" Sally insisted. "What would you do?"

"It's all in the instruction book," Sally Lou said. "You flash the sign which tells passengers to adjust their seat belts, then you nose down and pull over in a loop. The bandit can't stand on the ceiling, see, so he crashes and fractures his skull, and you pile him in the express compartment."

"Exactly," said the flag-captain. "That's how a fellow gets ahead in the business, Sally Lou—by knowing all the rules."

Flight Eight—non-stop to Los Angeles—was nearly ten minutes late in leaving Salt Lake City. The transport was at the end of the runway when an order from the dispatcher directed Haughan to wait for two additional passengers. They were two men—tourists, if the expensive miniature cameras slung about their necks meant anything, and foreigners.

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Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR
AND SLUMBERWEAR

By HOFFMAN BIRNEY

and her pilot were both off duty, which somehow didn't seem fair.

Flag-Captain Haughan picked up the magazine and thumbed through to that particular story.

"Did y' read that bunk?" he asked. "I wasted two hours giving the woman who wrote it what she called background. One thing I told her was that there wasn't any possible way for a passenger to get up front and bend a gun on the pilots—but you see what good it did."

Larry took the magazine and glanced over a few paragraphs. "Same old tripe! Land the ship or I'll shoot you and land it myself." What would a guy like that

SILENTLY THE CONQUERED

Dramatic story of loyal Danes whose souls refused to recognise defeat.

By
HAMLEN HUNT

WHEN the curfew sounds at night in Warsaw and Paris and Rotterdam and Copenhagen, people go home silently.

The only sound left in the once life-filled streets is the loud, firm marching of the police who hear their own footsteps resound in avenues with unfamiliar names.

Sometimes one greets the other in triumphant tones that ring hollowly on the silent, beaten air. "Good evening, Herr Lieutenant! All is well?" "All is well, Herr Lieutenant. Everything is quiet."

Because, of course, there is no longer any revolt left anywhere; it has all been ground out of the people who happen to belong to that country.

Sometimes one policeman talking to another over his Dutch cheese and beer, or his vermouth-cassis (what brave these people drink! A degenerate race), says: "They were born to be slaves! Look at them now, beaten to the ground!"

Young Captain Roth Klemperer was glad he could find nothing to complain about in the behaviour of the quiet Danes. It would have been rather hard for him had there been rioting and trouble, because he had such happy memories of this peaceful country.

He knew many people well, especially one family named Haunstrup. They had a big, pleasant farm an hour or two out of Copenhagen, and Roth had often spent the summer there since the time he first came to Denmark in 1915, as a war refugee. The Haunstrups had taken him in then.

Whenever he arrived at the farm in the summer, Anton, strong as a young tree, would rush out to greet him, and they would instantly begin to make plans for excursions and talk about farming prospects. Anton was interested in scientific farming and Roth was interested in science.

Next to greet him was Aunt Mathen, the blind and gentle mother who was so beautiful that everyone loved her. She had been a schoolteacher until her eyesight failed, and after that she was still able to manage the household and give it grace.

"Welcome, Roth," she would say, kissing him on both cheeks. "You are taller again, I see."

He would say, "Just half an inch," and think that her face felt like rose petals.

Margreta, the shy youngest of the family, would one day be as beautiful as her mother. Quicksilver shoes behind her eyes and made it impossible for her ever to be quite motionless. She always had boys clustering around her, as if, her brother told her, she were no more than a jar of honey.

She would wrinkle her nose and say: "They think I'm sweet until I sting them—like this!" She laughed and flicked him sharply with her fingernails.



"You wish to duel?" Roth asked, as Holger drew Margreta protectingly to him.

One of these boys was Holger Lano, who lived on the next farm. He was tall and dark-eyed with a hidden streak of wild energy and humor that pleased Margreta. Holger and Anton used to discuss farmers' co-operatives until Roth and Margreta were bored and wandered away from them.

There was so much to do in occupied Copenhagen that Roth hadn't

yet been able to get out to the Haunstrup farm. He would not admit to himself that he hesitated to go there in his new role.

He remembered Margreta as he had last seen her three summers ago. He had appeared, in his new uniform, at the gate of the thatched white house with a pear tree trained to grow flat against the sunny wall, and a tall, beautiful girl had met him. Her eyes were as grey as the

harbor at dusk and there was grace in her movements.

"Margreta?" he said, astonished. "Why, you've grown up and become beautiful!"

She laughed aloud. "Or it is that your eyes have merely learned to see?" she asked mockingly, turning to Holger, who was pruning a small tree on the lawn. "Holger thought I was beautiful even when I hadn't my front teeth."

Roth bowed stiffly from the waist. "You were," he said, and felt himself flush to the roots of his sand-colored hair cut in the military style this summer. He looked at Holger, in faded corduroys, and felt quite scornful until that dark, mocking face turned to him and that deep voice said: "Hallo, boy scout!"

"Hallo," Roth said. "When I left last autumn you were fixing up trees, too?"

Holger looked at him calmly. "It's not a bad thing to do."

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SKIN MUST BE SOFT, APPEALING—IF YOU WANT ROMANCE. LUX TOILET SOAP IS SO GENTLE—LEAVES SKIN REALLY FRESH, SWEET.

Jean Arthur
A Columbia star in Mr. Twilight

I'M A REAL JEAN ARTHUR FAN AND WHAT SHE SAYS ABOUT BEAUTY CARE GIES WITH ME! I WOULDN'T MISS MY DAILY LUX TOILET SOAP BATH FOR WORLDS

DARLING, WHAT MAKES YOU SO SWEET?

SHE THINKS I'VE A HUNCH THAT MY SOFT SMOOTH SKIN HAS WON BILL!

LUX
TOILET SOAP

IT'S SUPERCREAMED—
GIVES A RICH LUXURIOUS LATHER.
And the firm white tablet lasts for ages.

You'll like these CLEVER "BITZERS"...

● Put odd pieces of velvet to good use to enliven a dull-colored frock. Here a simple velvet collar and cuffs and an inserted band of velvet over the hips bring new life to a brown wool crepe frock.



● A sleek, perfectly plain dinner frock in black sheer wool is climaxed with a trim tomato-red jerkin (and any vivid color could be equally successful). (Above.)

● Get a rug plaid coat with upstanding fringed collar and ample pockets and you will be as warm as toast on the snowiest days. It is worn over a bright green suit with a cute little cap to match. (Top right.)

● Scraps of fur from an old coat can transform accessories into miracles of chic. A little pompadour bannet is made of the fur and swirls are used to encircle the red gloves. They offset a simple blue-grey frock. (Right.)

● Effective way to use up those remnants. A tailored skirt in muted blue wool is topped by a brilliant yellow shirt-blouse and a figure-hugging green jerkin.

Ree



● "EVACUEE LADY" is the name Matita has chosen for this attractive country outfit. The bottle-green boxy jacket in the new long-haired llama cloth is finger-tip length, and is worn over an immaculately tailored Glen check suit in rust, green, and cream tonings. With it a jaunty rust velour hat pierced with a green feather.



● TURF-GREEN wool sports dress designed by Dorville. The front of the bodice and skirt is many sectioned, controlling the fullness. A matching leather belt encircles the waist.

ENGLISH FASHIONS ... smart as ever!



● A CLASSIC Dorville suit in brown-and-white herring-bone tweed. The jacket features the new open collar and is fastened with leather shoe-lace ties. Double box pleats give fullness to the skirt.



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F3018



F3232



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SIMPLE FROCKS FOR JUNIORS.
Size 4-6, 6-8, 8-10 years.
No. 1 requires 2½ yds., 36ins. wide.
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Want to keep your woollies soft and fleecy?

Here's the easy expert way...

Nice woollies — those pretty colours you specially like—are hard to come by these days. So do be kind to your fluffy jumpers, those cosy cardigans and scarves. Don't spoil them by harsh washing — pop them into Persil. Its busy oxygen-charged suds coax out the dirt as gently as can be. And if you want your woollies to last you really well, take Mrs. Holiday's professional advice.

HOW TO MAKE PET WOOLLIES LAST



Remember Mrs. Holiday's friendly articles in "Over the Garden Fence"? Here's some more helpful tips from this famous washing expert.



A WASHING:—Start off by measuring your garment. Then mix up your Persil and add it to cool water—use one heaped tablespoonful to every gallon (just as the directions say)—so that every scrap of dirt will come out quickly and easily. Gently squeeze your woolly through the lather. And please don't rub two surfaces together or your woolly will become felted and incidentally, shrink. If any part is badly soiled, just lay it flat on one hand and lightly rub with the other.



B RINSING:—Do rinse well—at least three times—in water of the same temperature as your washing suds. If any colour shows in the rinse add a little vinegar to the last rinsing water (about 2 cupful to every gallon). Remember never to twist or wring woollies but roll them in a thick towel and press out the moisture.



C DRYING:—After getting out all surplus moisture, dry flat—away from direct heat. Pack it with tissue paper or towels—sleeves as well as body. Put a piece of folded tissue in any pockets and underneath the collar. (Check measurements, easing the woolly back to its former shape. (If necessary hold with rustless pins.) Turn now and again so that it dries as quickly as possible.

↑
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P.162

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Gv.15

Wives' train carries them to happy reunions

Spirit of romance speeds relatives
to men from Middle East

By TORA BECKINGSALE

There's a new name for the Overland Express to South Australia. It is called "The Wives' Train," for hundreds of happy, excited wives are travelling in it from the eastern States to see their A.I.F. husbands back from the Middle East.

"Darling, come over here" is the message that has worked the telephone and telegraph services overtime in the last few weeks, and wives, mothers and sweethearts have left families and jobs to meet the men they haven't seen for two years.

ONE morning I went to see the "Wives' Train" come in. A cold day with drizzling rain couldn't dampen the spirits of the happy bronzed soldiers waiting on the platform.

Three of them, Victorians, were standing together. Sergeant Jack Nowland, who had been in Tobruk for six months, Staff-Sergeant Keith Evans, in Tobruk for nine months, and Signaller Keith Foster.

Sergeant Nowland was married only five months before he went to the war.

Staff-Sergeant Evans had been married for nine years. He has two sons, Barry and Roger. "Wish they were coming over, too," he said. Keith Foster came to meet his fiancée, Joan Macle.

"We hope you don't mind if we don't talk much. We just can't think of anything to say at this juncture," they said, and just stood on the platform with happy grins on their faces.

Then the train steamed slowly into the station and they made a wild dive for a glimpse of loved ones. "We got my stripes in my pocket all ready for my wife to sew on my new uniform," shouted Corporal Lawrie Henderson, of Victoria, over his shoulder as he moved down towards the train. Almost before it stopped wives and sweethearts were out on the platform or had embraced their soldiers through the open carriage windows.

A Queenslander, Corporal Drew Andersen, hopped into the train because his wife was holding in her arms their small two-year-old daughter Leslie. She had brought Leslie all the way from Cairns, in Queensland, more than two thousand miles. They had travelled continuously, sitting up all night for five nights.

Leslie was a bit bewildered with it all. She put her thumb in her mouth and looked thoughtfully at her Daddy. She was only a few months old when he left. He just hugged them both.

"Goah, it's hard to realise," he said.

In the carriage with Mrs. Andersen had travelled Mrs. Bob Eastwood, of Sydney, to meet her husband, Private Eastwood.

"I haven't eaten anything for two days. I was so excited," she said. "I wanted to get my hair waved, but there was only time to get half of it done."

All along the platform were happy reunions, smiles and a lot of tears. Husbands and wives were mostly inarticulate.

"This is the sunny weather I told you all about," said one young husband, and farther up the platform I heard him say the same thing again. He just couldn't think of anything else.

Within a few minutes the soldiers had taken their wives to the homes they had arranged for them. Hundreds of the men are billeted in private houses. With typical Australian hospitality these people have said to the soldiers, "Bring your wives here. They must be our guests."

PADRE C. R. WHEREAT, O.B.E. with little granddaughter, Deirdre Cudmore.



SERGEANT DONALD BURNS, of N.S.W., greets his wife as she steps from the "wives' train."



PRIVATE and Mrs. John Butler kiss happily when Mrs. Butler comes from New South Wales to see her husband. She travelled on the "wives' train" to meet him.



A VERY chic little scarlet hat with a quill was worn by Mrs. J. S. Watson with her black suit when she arrived to meet her husband, Sergeant Watson.

ate houses. With typical Australian hospitality these people have said to the soldiers, "Bring your wives here. They must be our guests."

"Goah, Australian girls look good to us," say the soldiers as they take them out dancing to dinners, and to see the sights of the town.

Ministers are working overtime, and among the many weddings in Adelaide these last few weeks was that of a returned army sister and a captain of the A.I.F.

They were Sister Rene Faulkner, of Rockhampton, Queensland, and Captain Owen O'Brien, who, before he enlisted two years ago as a private, was a well-known young Brisbane journalist.

They met last year in the Middle East at a base hospital and kept a long-range appointment with romance at St. Francis Xavier's Cathedral four days after Sister Faulkner returned to Australia.

The daylight saving hour had just been reclaimed, and it was inky black at 6.45.

The only illumination in the Cathedral came from the votive candles flickering before a side altar.

The only wedding guests were a few sisters, members of the bride's unit, and fellow-officers of the bridegroom. The soft yellow candlelight cast a radiance on their grey and khaki uniformed figures as they sat in the pews before the altar.

In the blackness of the Cathedral porch I collided with an officer rushing in.

"Tell me," I asked, "Who is getting married?"

"I am," he grinned, and vanished up the darkened aisle.

Padre McSweeney performed the ceremony. Pretty, dark-haired Sister Peggy Kavanagh was bridesmaid, and wore, as did the bride, her grey nurse's uniform.

After the ceremony in the solemn hush of the Cathedral officers and nurses formed a guard of honor outside, breaking it to pelt the pair with confetti. Everyone followed on to a city hotel, where they sat down to an impromptu wedding breakfast.

There had been no time for shopping before the wedding. Captain O'Brien had been back in Australia about three weeks when his



PTE. MICK DYNON, of North Adelaide greeted by 21-year-old Kathleen and 11-year-old brother Alan. His father served in the same unit in the last war.



FAIR - HAired Mrs. Alan Anderson travels from Sydney with 18-month-old Alan, to greet husband Captain Alan Anderson

fiancée, who travelled in a different ship, rang him.

They bought their engagement ring the day after the wedding, and then the bride shopped for civilian clothes, for her marriage ends her career as an army nurse.

Tall, fair Ellen Rigg, of McMahon's Point, Sydney, flew over, arrived at 1 p.m., and was married at 5 p.m. at the Pirie Street Methodist Church to Sergeant Maurice Chester, of Turrumulla, New South Wales. She brought with her a blue- and white ensemble and white hat, carefully packed. The couple had only to buy the wedding ring because Mrs. Vernon Dawe, their matron of honor, made all arrangements.

Sydney's Gunner David Willis and Kathleen Noos were married soon after Kathleen arrived from Sydney.

One of the first weddings in Adelaide was that of Corporal Max Taylor, who arrived home in the first contingent, and South Australian Mollie Archibald.

"I wanted to be dressed as a bride, and luckily I had the bridesmaid's dress I wore for my brother's wedding last year," she said. "It had fifty-two yards of white tulle in it."

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Gorgeous Shirley Temple Doll
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Special autographed gifts of these famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars flown from Hollywood.

Glorious opportunity FREE for all holders of tickets in the Red Cross Dream Home Appeal.
RETURN YOUR BUTTS AND CASH BY APRIL 18 AND WIN ONE OF THESE EXTRA PRIZES.

Every butt in the barrel by April 18 will have a chance to win the Shirley Temple Doll or the Mickey Rooney Boxing Gloves. These are EXTRA prizes to be won by those whose BUTTS are returned promptly. After this drawing on April 18, the two winning tickets will be returned to the barrel, and every ticket received by May 20 will have a chance in the main drawing.

The Secretary, RED CROSS DREAM HOME,
Box 6300, G.P.O., Sydney.

I understand that everyone who returns butts and cash before April 18 will have a chance of winning Boxing Gloves or Doll as advertised.

I am returning herewith butts of tickets in the Dream Home with £ s d in payment for them.

I would like you to send me by return tickets in the Dream Home, and I enclose £ s d for them.

NAME

ADDRESS

I enclose 21d. stamp for postage on tickets.

Editorial

APRIL 18, 1942

RATIONING OUR RATIONS

WOMEN in the home are finding a big war job in the kitchen.

Keeping the home fires burning with a minimum of matches, the teapot brewing on a two-ounce ration.

Mother's delectable Irish stew must be the success it always was without the aid of potatoes.

Father, a little bitter at the fact that the corner shop is out of tobacco, has to be brought back to his smiling self with a dinner in which the things to which he is used are missing but must not be missed.

There is a total war raging in the kitchen, with anxious wives worrying about the next old friend to disappear from the cupboard shelves, only to be found again with a ration card—at the end of a long, long queue.

The plentiful products of the earth no longer roll by the door, to be stopped by a nod.

The housewife must step out early and fast or her neighbor walks off a winner in the potato race.

The cook must find substitutes for the commodities that are scarce, and what a big job it will be.

In fact, on it depends a great deal of our morale—for the philosopher says, "No man fighteth fierce on an empty stomach."

Australian women in the home will come out of the war with a meritorious service medal, but it will not be those who try to beat the ration laws.

It will not be the smug little hoarders, but the dinkum Aussies, knowing there is a shortage and making the best of it; using their ingenuity to beat the lack without beating the law.

—THE EDITOR.

RUSSIA'S No. 1 WOMAN AIR ACE

She bombs Germans daily and leads famous Red air squadron

By GODFREY BLUNDEN, The Australian Women's Weekly war correspondent in Moscow

Valentina Grizodubova, Soviet woman air ace, has a simple answer to any admiration of her bravery—"I don't like to send my men where I don't go myself." She said this when I interviewed her as she stepped out of her bomber after a night raid on enemy supply lines.

ON her left breast she wore the highest decorations awarded by the Soviet Union: the Red Star of the Soviet, Hero of the Soviet Union, Order of Lenin, Order of the Red Banner, and a little enamel flag which showed her to be a member of the Supreme Soviet. With the rank of major she now commands a squadron of heavy four-engined bombers. She is the only woman in this particular squadron.

She takes part in every flying operation because she says, "Every Soviet woman considers it an honor to be allowed to strike a blow at the Fascist enemy," but she added aside, "You know women are often more fierce than men."

Grizodubova herself does not appear to be a particularly fierce type, there is little of the Amazon about her.

She is thirty-one years of age. "Already an old one," she said.

Her dark hair is cut about the same length as British women's. She has dark eyebrows and her features are roundly and broadly formed.

She has grey eyes and a level, calculating gaze which seems to be characteristic of civil transport pilots the world over. Her hands are large and flexible with long, strong fingers.

Her nails are manicured and polished. She has a way of narrowing her eyes and tightening her wide, well-proportioned lips, but her main characteristic is an irrepressible good humor, as though she enjoys life, especially the exceedingly amusing experience of being interviewed by a naive foreigner.

Grizodubova is the daughter of one of Russia's first pilots who flew a plane during the revolution. But now at fifty-eight he is over the age for flying and is a member of the Red Army.

As a child she flew in gliders and made her first solo flight in a power machine at seventeen.

Her husband is a pilot whom she taught to fly. Her stepdaughter, Maria Rudenko, is a navigator in a parachute troop transport plane. Her own son, aged five and a half, has already made a solo flight in a glider. "I adore my son," she says. "His name is Valerie, but we call him Little Falcon. I take my orders from him. He says, 'If you are going to bomb Fascist towns you may go.'"

Hit by Germans

I ASKED Grizodubova whether her plane had ever been hit by the Germans. "Some small holes," she said, "only big enough to put your fingers through." I asked her if she had been attacked by German fighters. "Yes, but I was too wise to engage the enemy. I had a special assignment."

I asked her how women took to air fighting. She replied: "Women who are bomber pilots in the Soviet forces have all had experience as civil pilots."

VALENTINA GRIZODUBOVA, leader of a Soviet bomber squadron, interviewed by Godfrey Blunden on her return from strafing German supply lines on the Eastern front.

"Many had already flown between four and five thousand hours. They were trained first on gliders, then in elementary flying schools, and lastly in pilots' schools, and were ready at the outbreak of the war."

"Many women who have volunteered since the war undergo the same system of training."

"We take them from the age of 17 upwards after a rigorous medical examination. Women who were not civil pilots, but who worked as instructors and in flying clubs, are now flying heavy planes."

I asked Grizodubova whether there were also women fighter pilots in the Soviet. "Hundreds of girls are fighter-pilots in the Red Air Force," she said. "Girls who fly fighter planes have to be more energetic in temperament than bomber pilots."

She smiled with excellent good humor at my persistent questions about women fighter-pilots as though vastly amused at the ignorance of foreigners.

"My friend, Vera Lamako, has been a fighter-pilot in the Red Air Force since the beginning of the war, and has shot down three or four German planes."



"She gave birth to a baby a few months after the war began."

"She was flying again one month after her baby was born."

I asked why Vera's commander didn't release her from duty before the baby was born.

Valentina said: "Oh, he didn't know. She wore big flying suits."

I pressed Grizodubova on the question of the physical difference between men and women handicapping women in active warfare. This greatly amused her.

"It's my special subject," she said. "There are strong men and weak men, and there are strong women and weak women. There is no differentiation between the sexes in the Soviet Union."

She told how the Soviet had emancipated millions of women who, 25 years ago, had no rights whatever. She told how she was flying a great white plane with a red star painted on it; how she had flown to Tashkent and remote places, and how women flocked to her, asking how they could become pilots.

She told how many of these women, Mohammedans by religion, had been wearing veils. Those who wore veils became pilots.

She had found that women pilots suffered no greater physical handicaps than men. Mental blackout caused by swift manoeuvres at high speed affected them no more than it affected men.

Not only were women being employed as pilots, but they also joined air crews as radio operators and navigators. No discrimination

was made between men and women combatants. They were not organised in separate units.

I asked Grizodubova whether any women pilots had been shot down and captured.

"Of course," she said. "It is war."

She added that a German plane shot down near Moscow recently had a girl among the crew.

Thus far the interview had enlarged mainly on work done by women in the Red Air Force, but Grizodubova was anxious to talk about women in other Soviet services.

Brave women

SHE mentioned Pirovarova, quite a thin girl whom you would hardly imagine capable of fighting, but who had joined a partisan group as radio operator and carried a radio on her back during treks through snow of 40 and 50 kilometres a day until her feet froze.

She mentioned Shchetinina, a Soviet sea captain. There were also girl tank commanders, radio operators in submarines, and "as you've probably noticed," she said, "thousands of women in pioneer corps."

"I know girls who have taken part in the fiercest fighting of the war and who, coming home on leave, have changed into neat frocks, and with their hair brushed and cosmetics you would never dream that a few hours before they were killing Fascists."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP

Women's Army: From Call-up to Campaigners



CALL-UP. Volunteers to the Australian Women's Army Service answer their call-up. Training is being speeded up so that thousands on the waiting-list can be quickly absorbed.



CAMPAIGNERS. Girls who have been through A.W.A.S. training schools emerge like this, fit and smart, and marching with an easy swing that is very impressive.



SOLDIERLY. Reports from all States show that the A.W.A.S. is likely to be as successful a service as England's A.T.S.

Murder for Tea

Continued from page 4

I CLOSED my eyes and tried to remember every detail of that fateful tea-party, stimulated by Shawn's interjections. We talked of the smell of bitter almonds, which was the first thing I noticed after Chatty was dead, and of the events immediately preceding her collapse. I re-enacted the scene with Shawn. Suddenly inspiration came to me.

"Listen," I said excitedly. "I know how Chatty was poisoned. It was the sugar."

Shawn looked blank.

"Look at the sugar in the bowls," I went on. "Ours were like that—shaped like domes. I saw Chatty put her sugar into her cup, and it was square, like cubes. It wouldn't be until she'd dropped the sugar in that we'd get the smell of almonds."

Shawn grabbed my hand excitedly. "Come with me," he said. "We'll be calling on your tea-drinking friends."

"It's ten o'clock. Too late tonight."

"You're right," he said dejectedly. "And, besides, we'll have to think how it could be done that way."

I suppose that what I said sounded irrelevant. "I've been reading about cyanides," I said slowly, "in the encyclopedia. They're in the form of crystals and you can dissolve them in water."

"And that I'm knowing," Shawn said impatiently.

"Wait. Once," I went on slowly, "another girl and I gave a party. We'd read in a magazine that you could color sugar lumps by dipping them in tinted water or flavor them by dipping them in orange or lemon juice. So we did it."

Shawn stopped being impatient and looked impressed.

"Do you suppose you could make a solution that would be strong enough to kill a person?" I asked.

"If you've been reading about cyanides," Shawn said loftily, in a tone that implied I probably hadn't, "you'd know the answer to that!"

"All right," I said meekly. "I do remember. What do we do now?"

Shawn didn't answer. He'd gone over to stand beside the lace-draped table at one end of which stood the Robertsons' huge silver teapot.

"Kit," he said, "how many out of that couple of hundred people do you think would know that Mrs. Phillips took sugar in her tea?"

"Why—" I started glibly. Then I stopped.

"Did you know?" I shook my head. "No," I said honestly. "I didn't."

Then I said, "I think I know what you mean. Whoever poisoned her was a good enough friend to know that she took sugar."

"Or had taken the pains to find out that she did," Shawn said grimly. "It's not a thing you'd be leaving to chance."

"But I can't see that it puts us one bit further ahead," I said. Shawn shrugged. "Who—what—when—where—how—and why. If you'll think it over you'll see we've an answer to a fair percentage."

"But not," I said bitterly, "to who nor why."

"They'll come," Shawn assured me.

We left the Warner Building, locking the door and taking the key down to the redoubtable Sergeant O'Connor. I waited in the car while Shawn went in between the dim greenish globes that marked the police station and it was after he came out again that I asked the question that was later on to cause me so much regret.

"I suppose they haven't found out who killed Tom yet?"

Shawn snapped his fingers as though he'd forgotten something, turned and once more disappeared between those green lights. When he came out he shook his head and stepped on the starter.

"Where is this River Street?" he asked abruptly.

I said, "Oh, Shawn—you don't want to go there!"

"Why not?"

"Because—Oh, well, no one ever does. It's a horrid part of town—down along the waterfront."

"But you know how to get there?"

"Of course. But—"

"If you wish, I'll drop you off at Aunt Lide's," he said in a tone of weary politeness.

I gave in.

"Certainly not!" I said. "Do you think I'm going to let you go down there alone? Drive straight along this street until it curves and then follow the road to your left."

People who want to be insulting say that Nashiona is a "typical river town." I suppose it is in the sense that the town owes its being to the

river. Old records show that the first settlers located below the bluffs in what we now designate as Lower Town. That location, however, was a temporary one.

With the building of the railroads and the gradual cessation of river traffic, the town turned its back upon the muddy yellow waters and began to spread itself upon the towering bluffs.

Now all of Nashiona that counts is lifted high in the curve of the bluff and separated from the river front by the railroad yards and the myriad lines of tracks.

Oh, we knew about Lower Town, of course. We always had; we spoke disparagingly of its denizens as "river rats." Boys, without their parents' knowledge, frequently slipped down below the bluffs and returned to tell enthralling tales of what they'd seen. Girls never went—at least not in my day—not even in daylight.

We talked about it of course. People said it was one of the toughest spots in the United States and that down there "anything went."

I was remembering all the terrible things that had happened in the River Street locality as Shawn turned the car down the long hill that sloped directly to the river flat. Abruptly I said, "We'd better lock the car doors," and suited the action to the word.

"Is it that tough?" he asked as he pushed the catch on the door beside him upward.

I said, "Well, there are always stories of men stepping on the sides of cars and snatching purses. To say nothing of holdups."

Shawn felt in the car pocket. "I suppose she wouldn't have a gun," he said in a dissatisfied voice.

I said, "Aunt Lide?" In the proper tone, and that ended that conversation.

By this time we'd reached the foot of the bluff. Shawn said "Where now?" and at once answered his own question by pulling hard upon the wheel. There was only one way to go. The road was turning to our left; we were on River Street.

I looked about curiously and with a strange feeling of elation at this, my first view of Lower Town. There was a line of rickety buildings along one side of River Street; the other was open and faced the river, dark now but glittering evilly where lights streaking out of open doorways touched it.

I shuddered and snuggled down into the seat. Here was, in all respects, a deserted town that was yet inconspicuously not deserted at all but alive and possessed of a queer nocturnal life.

Beyond the open doorways, figures moved within brilliantly lighted interiors. Pianos and radios shrieked, noisy in the night, but the men and women who walked the ugly streets or sat slumped within the bars were not noisy. They seemed to court the darkness, to slip furtively from shadow to shadow.

"They catch all sorts of criminals here!" I said.

"I believe you," Shawn replied. "I've seen enough—how do we get out?"

"Keep straight on," I told him. "I think this must be the worst part. It should be better farther along."

It did, in the sense that the buildings were less rickety, the streets better lighted, the people who frequented them bolder.

Our car was attracting attention. A drunk on one corner shouted something in our wake and a group of loafers laughed raucously.

Shawn said, "Aren't there any police down here?"

I said, "Yes, but they don't make themselves too conspicuous." And Shawn said, "I can see that." He added rather bitterly, "It was a fool to bring you with me."

I said dreamily, "I've always wanted to come down here and they'd never let me. Now—"

Shawn said "Huh!" He swung the car to avoid a scrawny cat. "O'Connor said they found Robertson at the foot of River Street. Where's that?"

"Down there, I think," I said doubtfully.

We were entering a district even less savory than that through which we'd just passed.

"Where the road turns is called the foot," I said.

We soon saw why. A long pier, in fair repair, reached far out into the water. I alighted.

"You're not going to stop?"

Shawn said, "No—I'm not that

kind of a fool!" and stepped on the gas.

The road was curving back in the direction we'd come. We were farther from the river front and the street was quieter. Evidently this was Lower Town's shopping district.

Here other cars were parked on either side of the narrow, rutted street, and men came lurching out of dark doorways. Shawn picked his way carefully.

I wanted to get out of there. Perhaps that was why I kept staring ahead so eagerly for the triple globes that marked the street corners. And it was well because if I hadn't watched those globes I wouldn't have seen—

I only had a glimpse, but it was sufficient. There wasn't a chance for a mistake. Under one of those lights three people stood in earnest confab. There were two men and a woman.

The lights of our car flicked them momentarily. With a quick movement, the woman's hand came up across her eyes but not before I'd seen—

I didn't tell Shawn then. I waited until the car was speeding up the long hill that would bring us back to sense and sanity again before I said: "Shawn, did you see the people on that corner?"

He said, "Yes. Why?"

"Did you recognise them?"

"Should I have?"

"I don't know—I couldn't be sure of the men. But the woman—Shawn, it was Eve Robertson!"

SHAWN took the next corner on two wheels. "The devil it was!" he said mildly. "And that's all right, too. You'd not be begrudging the poor lady a sight of the waters that gave up her husband—now would you?"

"I would," I said. "Under the circumstances and considering the time. If she had to go there, she didn't need to go at night. What do you think she was doing down there?"

Shawn shook his head. "I don't know."

"Suppose she didn't want to go there—suppose she was kidnapped—like Tom—suppose they find her body in the river—to-morrow—"

Shawn didn't answer. He simply stepped on the gas. As the Robertson house loomed up among its trees he slowed to a crawl.

"Why don't you go up and inquire?" he suggested. "It'd be decent only, what with her husband dead and you a friend—"

So I did. Shawn waited in the car while I went up the broad brick steps.

Old Mrs. Weir, Eve's grandmother, came to the door. I said I'd come to say how sorry I was and wasn't there something I could do—

There wasn't, Mrs. Weir said, and Eve was out. It wasn't any use waiting as she'd be late. She didn't know where she'd gone. Darius Greene had come for her.

I went back to Shawn, relieved. "It's all right," I told him. "Her lawyer's with her. Let's go home to bed."

The inquest on Tom Robertson's body was held the next morning. I went, dreading questioning about the package it had been my ill luck to handle.

I needn't have worried. The package wasn't even mentioned. I was simply asked to confirm the fact that Tom had come to the house, after I'd talked to him, that he'd told me he meant to go home after he had made a call.

This surprised me, and I said later to Sergeant O'Connor, "You don't consider that packet important then?"

"Well, it wasn't important to the murderer," the sergeant said triumphantly. "If it had been, would he's left it in Robertson's pocket?"

I'd supposed inquests were held for the purpose of revealing facts, not concealing them, I said.

"Yeah. But sometimes a smart guy don't tell all he knows."

Precisely Shawn's idea. I was wondering if perhaps this was an intimation that the sergeant, too, had been holding out something on us when he abruptly decided to become confidential.

"We're linking that package and the Bethune store robbery."

I felt a trifle dashed. I'd completely forgotten that robbery. Chatty's death and Tom's had overshadowed it. I said, "What link?"

before I thought, but the sergeant didn't seem surprised.

"I don't mind telling you," he said graciously, "that we've found out that the Bethune Company made those earrings."

"Which earrings?"

He guffawed at that and leaned closer.

"Both sets—now, what d'you think about that?"

I didn't. I'd stopped thinking, I said, "Then where are the original earrings? Do you know that?"

"Sure. Oh, we don't know where they are—but we know where they were. The first of the week Mrs. Robertson sent them down to be cleaned and checked over."

"You mean they were stolen? From the store?"

"Maybe." The sergeant was pleased to be cryptic. "You figure it out and see what you make of it. Remember I'm giving you facts like I promised." He winked heavily.

"Co-operation."

Shawn was profane about it when I told him at luncheon. Why hadn't the sergeant said that Tom Robertson robbed the jewellery store after he was dead?

I said, "As well as the bank?"

But Shawn didn't laugh. It looked, he said, as though the bank had been robbed. Examiners were there and there was rumor around town that they'd found the books in pretty bad shape.

It was rumored that Robertson'd got into the bank for large sums of money; but there was a growing tendency to suggest that Mrs. Phillips had been the only one murdered—that Tom had killed her and then committed suicide.

I said, "But if his hands were bound behind his back and he was alive when he was thrown in the river—"

"He wasn't," Shawn said. "The sergeant was speaking out of a great fund of misinformation. There was no water in Robertson's lungs. I saw the autopsy report. He was killed in exactly the same way Mrs. Phillips was—with poison."

They buried Chatty that afternoon. Aunt Lide, Shawn and I went, as in duty bound, to the funeral. It was a huge one. Only the fact that the uelers knew us got us into the church.

Aunt Lide wanted to go home immediately it was over, but when I started to get out of the car in Aunt Lide's wake, Shawn put his hand on my wrist.

"Wait. I'll be back."

As soon as he came out, I began my speech. "I suppose it's tea you've got in your mind and I tell you frankly, Shawn, I don't like it. Prying into people's pantries—it isn't done."

"Someone poisoned Mrs. Phillips and Robertson," he reminded me. "That's not done either."

"We won't learn anything," I protested.

"We can try."

So we did. We went to Norma Blake's house first and she was lucky enough to catch her as she was inserting her key in the door.

"What's this?" she asked. "Social call? Because if it is, I warn you—I'm a wreck—"

"I am too," I said hastily. "And Aunt Lide's worse. Can't we be wrecks together?"

She thawed a little at that, and invited us in, apologising for the upset appearance of the rooms.

"As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): April 15 can prove exceptionally fortunate. Plan wisely and work hard that day, especially near sunrise, around noon, and from 3 p.m. onward past midnight. April 16 (before 9 a.m.), April 14 and 18 (fair).

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): Better times soon. To get substantial matters completed and plan ahead. Meanwhile, April 18 (from noon to 10 p.m.) fair.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Modest plans can meet with success, by hard work and wisdom on April 18 (from sunrise to past midnight), also on April 21.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Be cautious. While longer, some improvements soon. Meanwhile, April 18 (fair), 19, and perhaps April 19 and 21, poor. Avoid all changes, arguments, obstacles, unpopularity, and worry.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Make much of the coming week. It favors you, but is replaced by difficulties for some time afterwards. Work well on April 18 (fair), April 19 (excellent from noon to mid-night), and April 16 (before sunrise).

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Unpropitious, no less to routine tasks. But plan ahead. Better times are near. April 18 and 18 can be fair.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Be wary of losses, unwanted changes, opposition, estrangement and discord can

"WE had a party here last night," she said. "It was Ted's idea. He wanted to drown his sorrows. Ted," she said with a lopsided smile, "in his own way, thought a lot of Chatty."

Carelessly she threw hat and coat aside, found a tray and gathered up the more obvious glasses.

"Have a drink if you want one," she offered largely, "but count me out. I'm going to make a pot of coffee—black—very black."

That was right down Shawn's alley. He smiled beatifically. "Would you be sharing the coffee then?"

"Why, of course," Norma said. She sounded surprised.

The coffee was very bitter. She served it without pretence of style, putting the three cups on the table and filling them from a granite coffee pot. Over the edge of the cup, her big dark eyes stared at Shawn. "What's wrong?"

"I'm wanting sugar," Shawn said disarmingly. "No—stay where you are." He waved her back. "I'll be getting it myself and with just a hint for help."

"It's in the kitchen somewhere," she said without interest.

But the lack of interest was just a pose. As soon as Shawn had disappeared, she leaned forward. "Kit," she said intensely, "who killed Chatty?"

I said I didn't know. She set her cup down with trembling hands. I stared at her. Long ago we used to call Norma a pretty girl. She wasn't pretty now.

Her blonde hair was straggly, her face uncareed for and her nails undone. She looked at once frightened and desperate. It wasn't like Norma, and after a minute I set down my own cup.

"Something's wrong," I said. "Can't you tell me what it is?"

She began to cry then. It was Ted that was wrong. Ted had been mad about Chatty and he'd hated Tom, and when Chatty'd got tired, as she always did, of Ted hanging around and told him so he'd said she'd be sorry. And he'd been so queer since the murder. Just drinking and drinking—

I said, "But, good heavens, Norma, you surely don't think that it was Ted who killed Chatty?"

She was beyond reason. "He can get poisons, can't he? Mari said photographers used cyanide for developing pictures—he could buy it without people asking questions. He's so queer—you don't know how queer—and he says such terrible things—and I'm afraid

Afterwards I told Shawn that was probably the crux of the whole thing. Norma had always been notoriously selfish, and she was afraid for herself.

"And who are we to say she hasn't the right to be?" he said.

"Why? You were long enough in the kitchen. Did you find something—sugar, I mean?"

"Yes. The sugar in the bowls was innocent enough—sugar, but in the cupboard above the sink—pushed far to the back was a small box of the cubes. It was just as it'd come from the grocery store save that two of the cubes were gone!"

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

afflict you this week. However, this can be dodged by caution and patience. April 19 (evening) poor.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 21): Uneventful for most Scorpions, yet urgent matters should not be longer for finalisation. The April 18 (from noon on) is just as sagittary, then be cautious.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): Plan wisely and work diligently this coming week. Fortune should smile upon your efforts, especially on April 19 (excellent from 11 a.m. onward), April 14 and 16 (early) fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Be patient. While longer, but get routine tasks in hand and begin to plan ahead. Meanwhile, April 18 fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Very fair for modest ventures and changes on April 15 (best from noon onward), or April 20 (around noon and in the evening).

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Not a time for over-confident changes, but very fair for routine work on April 15 (p.m. hours), April 19 (morning), and April 18.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters. — Editor, A.W.W.]



SISTERS ARE BRIDESMAIDS. Constance and Eileen O'Brien attend their elder sister, Kathleen, when she weds Tracy Schuback, of Nowra, at St. Mary's Cathedral.



CANDID CAMERA SHOT of tall Dutchman Andy Berts and wife at Rosehill races. Mrs. Berts wears smart black autumn suit trimmed with Persian lamb.

INTIMATE GOTTINGS



AT PRINCE'S. Pretty Pat Blayney and L.A.C. Dick Evans make an attractive pair on dance floor. Pat wears demure gown of black velvet and old lace.



NEW PRESIDENT of Law School Comforts Fund, Mrs. Colin Davidson (standing), addresses committee. Retiring president is Sybil Greenwell, who becomes canteen cook in army.

CATCH early train to Gordon to attend Red Cross Fair in lovely grounds of Lady Gourie Home.

Gates open at 12.30, and it is surprising to find so many people roll in at that time . . . consequently, we have grand choice of goods for sale.

Lady Snow, president of committee, greets Lady Wakehurst, who officially opens fair, then visits all stalls and makes number of purchases.

I try a few shots at shooting-gallery under guidance of Mrs. Claude Plowman . . . she had intended to run cake stall, but shortage of eggs meant no cakes . . . Ebba de Dardel is assistant.

Afternoon is busy one for Mesdames Cecil Hordern, Penfold Hyland, Wilfrid Johnson, and Nancy Consett Stephen, who conduct inspection of the Home.

Can't resist real American-style doughnuts baked by American residents. Mrs. Wilson Flake combines games and sale of doughnuts on her stall.

Afternoon tea is served in Mrs. H. P. Godall's house next door, as there is no space to erect marquee in Home's garden.

ATTEND late afternoon reception at Overseas League for Sir Ronald Cross, who comes from Canberra . . . Sir Ronald recalls that last function he attends in London before leaving for Australia is at Overseas League.

Is accompanied by private secretary Mr. M. E. Antrobus and Captain Francis Lloyd.

Among guests are two Englishmen, Messrs. J. Paradise and N. Nicholson, who only arrive in Sydney few days ago . . . were living in Manila at time of Japanese invasion and had exciting adventures while escaping.

PLANS for marriage in England being made by Gwen Shepherd, daughter of the Frank Shepherds, of Vaucluse . . . fiance is Scotsman, Lieutenant Henry Bolton, R.N.V.R., of Ayrshire, Scotland, whom she met in Australia two years ago.

Gwen resigns position as assistant honorary secretary for "Letters From Home," for which she does sterling duty for over two years.



AT YEARLING SALES, Noreen Moore and Med, student Ian Byrne are amused at antics of thoroughbred racehorse prancing around ring at Newmarket stables.



VOLUNTARY WORKER. Shirley Harris waits on soldier lads at St. Andrew's Hut. At left is Gunner Alan Spratley and Lance-Bombardier Leo Bourke at right.

Heard Around TOWN

SUNDAY afternoon parties for American soldiers which Mrs. Ralph Doyle and Valmai Ramsay arrange are most popular.

"Meant to have lots of dancing," says Mrs. Doyle, "but the lads seem to enjoy talking much more."

At first party lots of luscious home-made cakes are served, but the boys prefer biscuits—"cookies," in American vernacular.

"So now we just intend to serve biscuits," she adds.

About twenty young men are to be invited each Sunday.

RECEPTION at home at Edgecliff given by Paymaster-Lieut.-Commander E. Arnold and Mrs. Arnold after marriage of youngest son, Sydney, to Molly Jackson, of Strathfield. Ceremony is at All Saints', Woolahra.

Bride is attended by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Douglas Jackson, whose marriage takes place few weeks ago.

Best man is George Arnold . . . honeymoon is being spent at Lakes Entrance.

VISITOR to Sydney is Mrs. E. V. O'Brien, formerly of Madang, New Guinea . . . since she left New Guinea two months ago she has been staying in Brisbane.

Flies south to see her mother, Mrs. M. Reid, of Coogee.

AS soon as Robin Biddulph arrives back in Australia with A.I.F. he announces engagement to country lass Margaret Priddle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. B. Priddle, of Old Glenelg station, Grenfell.

Robin, one of Australia's champion swimmers, is second son of the H. T. Biddulphs, of Manly . . . Mrs. Biddulph goes to Adelaide to greet him.

BELIEVE that Nuala Browne and Jimmy Rogerson, who just announce engagement, have been friends since childhood days . . . their properties, Savaun and Kurriong, adjoin at Binalong, so Nuala will be her family's neighbor when she is married.

Wedding will take place shortly as Jimmy expects call-up for Army.

MRS. JIM RYRIE arrives in Adelaide, and stays with Mrs. Bob Goddall.

Elizabeth travels from Sydney to Melbourne with the newly-married Leo Cooks.

They are installed in charming flat at South Yarra, a convenient spot for both, as it is near to W.A.A.F. and army headquarters. Alison is officer in W.A.A.F.

FRESHER at University is Betty Curtis, of Mudgee. She is Med. student and resident at Sancta Sophia.

Decides to take up career as husband John is with R.A.F. in England.

AFTER honeymoon at Toronto, Bombardier and Mrs. Ian Brodie return to Sydney . . . she was formerly Marie Liddell.

Ian returns to camp, and Marie stays with parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Liddell, at home at Mosman.



GWEN SHEPHERD and her mother, Mrs. Frank Shepherd, read cable from fiance, Lieut. Henry Bolton, R.N.V.R., whom she will marry shortly in England.

PRE-WEDDING party at Rose's for Iris Rostrom, who marries Philip Highbotham on April 25 . . . ceremony to take place at St. Anne's, Ryde.

Honoree is Mrs. Edling Erikson, who will also be mistress of honor. Mavis Rostrom will be bridesmaid.

MRS. ROY KAINES and her two small sons, Michael and Tony, fly to Adelaide to see Captain Kaines, who arrives back in Australia with A.I.F.



CHECKING TICKETS for Red Cross Dream Home Art Union, Dorothy Williams (left) assists Mrs. C. Hodges. Both are nine-to-five workers at office where pressure of work is tremendous.

THE two men sat together and occasionally whispered to each other. Larry's nose wrinkled.

He and many other pilots thought there were entirely too many foreign tourists riding the airlines of North and South America and peering down at the country beneath.

They had been travelling for some time when Dan Haughan came aft and ambled down the narrow aisle. He had a grin and a word for everyone, including the two foreigners, who talked earnestly with him for several minutes. It was then that Sally Lou Cozens noticed that the door in the bulkhead swung an inch or two ajar. That was just before the excitement started, just before the melodrama which was staged so swiftly and efficiently that it might have been rehearsed a dozen times.

One of the foreigners—he was sitting in the aisle seat and wore brown tweeds in a conspicuous herringbone pattern—dropped a pencil. The flag-captain stooped to retrieve it, and the other's arm rose and fell. Everyone in the cabin heard the dull thud of the blackjack on the captain's skull and saw the second man rise, pistol in hand.

"Please," he said clearly, just loud enough to be heard above the grumbling voices of the motors. "Please, everyone sit very still. You, Miss—this was to the stewardess—do not touch that button. We do not want to kill anybody, but if you try to get up we will have to kill you."

Brown Tweeds also had a gun, a big snub-nosed automatic like his companion's. He patted the flag-captain's pockets and chest and chattered swiftly gibberish to his companion in their native tongue. Then suddenly he pointed his left forefinger directly at Sally Lou Cozens.

"You, please," he said. "The young lady in the grey suit. Please to come here and walk ahead of me through that door."

Sally Lou obeyed—there was nothing else she could do. She walked the length of the aisle, stepping over Dan Haughan, and past the man in blue serge, who kept his pistol trained on the white-faced passengers.

Then she was in the narrow passage, Brown Tweeds right behind her. She could see the sunlight in the pilots' cabin and the array of dials and switches on the instrument panels and she suddenly discovered that she was praying. She was saying over and over: "Not Larry. Please. God, not Larry."

Larry had not missed the flag-captain. All chief officers went aft at least once in a flight and chatted with the cash customers. He turned when he heard Haughan returning to the nose of the ship—and looked squarely into the frightened eyes of Sally Lou. Behind her was a man in brown tweeds who rested one hand on her shoulder and with the other pointed an automatic pistol at Flight Eight's co-pilot.

"Please," the man said. "If you shoot you would only hit the young lady and then I would have to shoot you. Be reasonable."

Larry blinked like a man waking from a nightmare. Such things just didn't happen. "What's the idea?" he asked at last. "Is this a stick-up?"

Sally Lou said, "Yes, some kind of one, Larry. They knocked out Captain Haughan. The other man back there has a gun, too."

The man in brown tweeds shook his head. "No," he said. "There will not be any robbery. You must be reasonable, please. The captain was not reasonable."

His beady eyes were flickering to every corner of the cabin. A revolver was in a holster beside Haughan's seat and the man edged carefully forward, still abiding himself with the girl's body, until he could reach the weapon with his left hand.

"You have one, too, yes?"

"No," said Larry Maitland truthfully. "Take a look if you don't believe me."

"I want to believe you, and I do not want there to be any trouble. Listen to me, please. There is a place called La Plata and it is a few miles east of Daggett in California. There is a field there and you will please land on that field and let me and my friend get off. That is all."

The whole set-up was crazy, thought the co-pilot, but the man's words gave it some sort of pattern,

the pattern of a story which he and Dan Haughan had agreed was true.

"And if I say I won't," he retorted, "you'll tell me that you'll kill me and land the ship yourself—is that it?"

"No," said Brown Tweeds. "I do not know how to fly an aeroplane. I have ridden in them many times but this is the first time I have seen the—the—do you call it the pilot house? If you do not land at La Plata I cannot let you land anywhere. We will just have to keep on flying, all of us, until the gasoline is gone. We will be far out over the ocean then, yes?"

"You mean—?" This was the screwiest thing in the whole screwy business.

"Yes," said the man. "I would be very sorry, too. You see, there is one of your passengers who carries a brief-case. If you land at La Plata, my friend and I will leave the plane and take that brief-case with us. That is all. There will be no trouble if you will only be reasonable."

The rat meant business! This was one of those things which couldn't happen but which did happen just the same. This man wasn't a bandit who could be frightened or bluffed. There were papers or plans in that brief-case and he was going to get them—or else.

Even if it meant a crash which would kill him and everyone else, he'd shoot if Larry attempted a landing anywhere but at the field he'd named. Strange how you could tell, just like that, whether or not a man was bluffing.

If he should shoot—well, it meant curtains for Sally Lou and for wounded Dan Haughan and that cute little stewardess and all the passengers. It meant washing out



"George, shake hands with my late husband."

a BT-4 transport which stood on the books at a quarter-million dollars and it meant an irradicable smirch on G-BAT's unequalled record of passenger safety. One man with a gun could do all that. He knew nothing of flying, but he could ruin the best ship in the world. He knew nothing of flying, but . . .

He knew nothing. Nothing. Larry Maitland suddenly found his tongue and spoke quickly.

"I'll be reasonable, as you call it. Since you've knocked out the captain, I'm in command and I'll land wherever you say." He ignored the accusing daggers that were Sally Lou's eyes and he pointed to the clock on the panel. "It's three-thirteen. I'm a minute late now with a flight report, and if I don't make it there'll be a general alarm broadcast. You don't want that, do you?"

He pulled on the earphones, settled the transmitter on his breast, and flipped the switch.

Brown Tweeds watched him suspiciously. "You will be sensible, please? You will not say there is anything wrong?"

"Of course not. You'll hear every word." He spoke into the transmitter: "Flight Eight calling Glendale. Flight Eight—"

"Glendale. Go ahead, Eight."

"Maitland. Time three-seventeen. Twenty miles west of Paro-

The Whispering Passengers

Continued from page 5

wan. Altitude, ninety-eight hundred. Speed, two-ten. Temperature, twenty-eight Centigrade. Unlimited visibility. Flaps down fifteen degrees. Kollsman eighty-seven; manifold pressure three hundred twelve. Everything O.K. Signaling off."

He dropped the earphones on the floor as the simplest method of cutting off the amazed questions from the Glendale operator as to whether he was drunk or crazy, or both. The transmitter he returned to its hook; the mouthpiece was some eighteen inches from his lips.

"Now, stranger," he said, "just where is this La Plata where you want me to land?"

"Larry!" exclaimed Sally Lou.

"You shut up, Miss Cozens!" snapped the co-pilot loudly, and added: "She's only a girl, mister, and she's scared of that gun you've got."

"Sorry," the man said. "If you are going to be sensible she can sit down. I think, here on the floor—but she must promise not to interfere."

"Did you hear what he said, Sally Lou? He's got a gun and I haven't, so you'd better do what he says, just as I'm doing. Now, mister, go ahead and tell me about this La Plata. Where is it?"

"It is about ten miles east of Daggett in California," the man said, "and five miles south of the highway. The landing field is the bed of a dry lake."

"You've got it down pretty pat, haven't you?" Larry remarked admiringly. "Ten miles east of Daggett, five south of the highway, and a landing field on the bed of a dry lake. I'll bet there'll be a car there to meet you, or maybe another plane. You foreigners are so efficient you take care of every little thing. Well, I'll find it all right, even if Daggett is a little off our route."

"The army has a bombing range in the desert just west of there, and ten or a dozen planes are always out there dropping bombs all over the place, so we don't get any nearer than we have to. I'd sure hate to see one there when we go in to land—you might misunderstand and do something hasty."

The big cruiser rose and fell gently as it encountered an almost imperceptible air bump and Larry laid his hands on the cutaway wheel. He was nervous, Sally Lou thought. You could tell he was nervous by the way he chattered on. It wasn't like Larry Maitland to be so talkative. He spoke quite loudly and very slowly so that there could be no chance of the foreigner misunderstanding him.

"If I'm going to land, mister," he said, "I'll have to fly the ship. I'm telling you so in advance. I'm going to throw the automatic pilot out of engagement and do the flying myself, and you mustn't get nervous if I reach for any of those controls." He waved his hand towards the massed instruments on the panel.

"I'll have to let the flaps down and lower the wheels and do lots of other things so we won't come in too fast in that hot air in the desert. I might not have time to tell you what I'm doing, either, and if you get excited we might crack up, Savvy?"

"Oh, yes," the man in brown tweeds replied, "and I am so glad that you are acting sensible. The captain was very unreasonable."

The bed of the dry lake was as smooth as an egg. A road led from the highway, skirted the northern end of the lake, and then vanished among the desert hills. An automobile was parked on the road, and Larry pointed it out to the foreign tourist as the transport circled into the wind.

He touched the fat tyres at the precise spot he had selected among the scattered clumps of bright green salt weed, and braked so sharply that he could feel the cruiser quivering throughout all her length as she tried desperately to nose over. When the short run stopped, however, three-quarters of the field still lay before the transport's gleaming nose.

"There you are, hot shot," he snapped. "You're on the ground just where you wanted to be and there's a car waiting for you."

The man in brown tweeds bowed stiffly and said, "Thank you very

much." Then he darted back through the passage to the cabin. Larry Maitland did not attempt to follow him. He barked a command for Sally Lou to sit still and then slid into Haughan's seat, cranked down the window, and looked back over the wing and along the liner's smooth flank.

Several long, long minutes passed before the door opened and the man in brown tweeds jumped to the ground. Another man, in blue serge, followed him and the second one carried a brief-case. They backed away from the plane and Larry saw the stewardess reach out and pull shut the door.

Then he showed the throbbles of the idling motors wide open and took off in the length of the field which lay before him. Dust from the propeller blast shut down in a yellow cloud over the two foreigners, and the transport was off the ground and climbing swiftly before they had freed their eyes of that driven sand, and started to run toward the waiting car.

Larry banked and, at five hundred feet, swung back over the dry lake. All on board the transport had an excellent view of what occurred.

The doors of the automobile opened and half a dozen men in khaki advanced to meet the pair who had disembarked from the G-BAT liner. The man in blue serge ripped frantically at the locked brief-case, but dropped it and raised his hands when one of the soldiers let go a burst from a sub-machine gun into the air just above his head.

Larry Maitland circled and came in for the second time. Behind him, so close that they landed through his dust, came the army planes—a couple of interceptor fighters, six trim two-place dive-bombers, and a four-motored Flying Fortress.

For some minutes all was confusion. Larry Maitland's first concern was for the injured flag-captain, while the passengers—all save one—demanded information as to what had happened and how.

The one man skipped nimbly from the ship as soon as the door was opened. He raced for the group of Air Corps officers which surrounded the two prisoners, who seemed suddenly to have forgotten every word of their excellent English and who stared blankly at their questioners.

An Air Corps captain had taken possession of the brief-case and seemed in no hurry to give it up until the passenger showed him a letter which he drew from his pocket. The officer's eyes widened—that night, in the mess, he mentioned with awe the name which was signed to that letter—and he delivered the brief-case to its owner.

The man returned to the seat in the transport plane.

"I hope we don't lose too much time," he said to Larry Maitland. "The Pan-American Clipper for Honolulu and the Orient has orders to wait for me, but I don't like to take advantage of that courtesy."

In those words was all that Larry Maitland was ever to learn of who the man was, whether he was bound, or of what manner of documents were in the brief-case for which the foreign agents had gambled so boldly. The passenger shook hands with him and then gave way to Air Corps officers who shook hands, too, and told the G-BAT co-pilot that he'd done mighty good work.

"You didn't give us any too much time, though," said a thin man with a major's insignia, and Maitland chuckled.

"Man!" he said. "I've had flaps and wheels down for more than a hundred miles. What did you expect me to do—drag my foot?"

All the flying officers laughed at that, and Sally Lou, who hadn't the haziest idea of why it should be so funny, quietly returned to the pilots' cockpit and Dan Haughan's seat. There Maitland found her. If he'd been very prompt and stern about ordering her back where she belonged she might have obeyed him, but he let Sally Lou speak first.

She put both hands on his shoulders, drew his face down to hers and kissed him on the lips.

"You're the bravest man in the world, Larry," she said. "I think you saved all our lives. And I thought you were yellow—knocking down to that man! I want to apologise."

Please turn to page 19



WILHELMINA BIRMINGHAM, the 16-year-old soprano now with "Youth Show" on 2GB.

Popular radio quiz sessions

Important changes are taking place in two of 2GB's most popular broadcasts.

They are "Youth Show," the twenty-one and under programme, and "Ladies First," the Jack Davey quiz broadcast.

WHEN it was decided that "Youth Show" should be broadcast every Tuesday night at 8 o'clock, instead of on Sunday nights, the producer, Mark Makeham, thought the occasion opportune to execute several alterations in presentation.

One of these is the introduction of a new theme song. The number selected to replace "At That Certain Age" was not easily found, but the final choice was "Accent on Youth," a number featured some time ago in a motion picture of the same name, which starred Sylvia Sydney and Herbert Marshall. It typifies the spirit and charm of "Youth Show," and to use the words of the song, "It really needs no explanation—it is just the accent on youth."

With this as its theme, "Youth Show" will continue to bring to the air some of the finest young artists available in Australia. These will include Wilhelmina Birmingham, known as the vest-pocket soprano; Graham Wicker, a rip-roarin' cowboy singer of nine years; Null and Void, a delightful comedy duo; Joy Nichols, comedienne; and Robin Ordell, who will continue to compete the broadcast.

When Jack Davey started his popular quiz, "Ladies First," it was a quarter-hour session. It has now been extended to half an hour every Monday night at 8 o'clock. The "Yes-No" jackpot will continue as one of its features, as well as "Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral," another jackpot session.

In addition, three of radio's most popular artists will be regularly starred with Jack Davey. They are Alice Smith, leading vocalist, Alan Coad, a baritone with a glorious voice, and George Blackshaw, the "Learned Lunatic," whose dissertations on highbrow subjects for lowbrows have opened up a new field of radio humor.

In addition to presenting "Ladies First" every Monday night at 8 o'clock, Jack Davey will continue with his Wednesday night camp quiz and concert, "Rise and Shine," heard from 2GB at 8 o'clock.

In short, 8 o'clock is now the signal for three fine broadcasts—Mondays, "Ladies First"; Tuesdays, "Youth Show"; and Wednesdays, "Rise and Shine."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.
WEDNESDAY, April 15.—Mr. Edwards and Gaudie Reeve—Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, April 16.—Gaudie Reeve in "Precious Moments."
FRIDAY, April 17.—"Musical Alphabet."
SATURDAY, April 18.—Gaudie Reeve presents "Musical Mystery."
SUNDAY, April 19.—Highlights from opera.
MONDAY, April 20.—"Letters from Our Boys."
TUESDAY, April 21.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Gaudie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

The Whispering Passengers

Continued from page 18

SHE apologised very prettily, did Sally Lou Gossens, and since all the company rules as to unauthorised persons in the cockpit had already been smashed into very small bits, Larry Maitland let her ride there with him until the Glendale port was in sight. She had to know how he had engineered the miracle which had brought the army planes swooping out of the blue sky upon the unsuspecting Fifth Columnists.

"Please, Larry," she said. "Pretty please."

"Honest, there was nothing to it," said Larry. "You were there, Sally Lou, and you heard him say he didn't know anything about flying. The only real chance I took was that he might know there was something fishy about that flight report I made."

"But what was wrong with it, Larry?"

"Which shows you don't know much about flying either. Every operator on the system smells fish when they heard me give the temperature in Centigrade and when I reported flaps down at ten thousand feet. You use flaps only when landing. And then, just for good measure, I gave them a screwy Kollaman reading and an even screwier report on manifold pressures."

"But I heard what you said and even if it was screwy it didn't really tell anything. How did they find out about La Plata and how could they send the army planes there?"

"That's what those two phony tourists are wondering right now, I'll bet. I didn't shut off the radio switch and I hung up the transmitter so that every operator—and I'll bet a hundred were listening in—could hear what was said in this cockpit. They heard me ask him about La Plata and they heard me call you by name and tell him he'd scared you with a gun."

"That was enough right there. Our fellows aren't exactly dumb, you know. When they heard there was a girl in the cabin along with a yegg with a gun, they figured I wasn't just making conversation when I mentioned the bombing planes on that La Plata field. While I was slowing up this crate all I could, the army rushed their ships over to La Plata and gathered in two fellows who'd just driven up in that car we saw."

"An officer and some men hid in the car and the others got out of the way and gave me a clear field. The rest you know."

"You act as though it wasn't anything, but I think it was the quickest, smartest thinking I ever heard of!" Sally Lou declared.

The co-pilot checked her. "Report coming in," he said. "San Leandro's calling."

She could hear the faint clicking sound of a voice in the earphones. Larry said: "Yes" and "Yes" again, and then, "Gosh, put him on." After that it was, "Yes, sir . . . Yes, sir . . . Thank you, sir . . . Gosh, Mr. Barron, I don't rate it but I'll certainly take it, and thank you a million."

He faced Sally Lou across the cabin and looked amazed.

"That was the big boss himself," he said reverently. "That was Archie Barron, president of G-BAT, and guess what he told me? He said that Major Kennedy, of the Air Corps, wanted to cite me for the Distinguished Flying Cross and that if my reserve commission hadn't expired—and, of course, it hasn't—he thought it would go through."

"And that's not all. I'm a G-BAT captain! Archie Barron said so himself."

"He said, 'I don't care about seniority; you're a captain right now. Put on your second stripe as soon as you can buy the braid.' Do you know what that means, Sally Lou?"

"Am I supposed to guess?"

"No." He pulled a lever, turned sideways in his seat. "I just turned the ship over to good old Iron Mike, the automatic flier, and the lazy pilot's best friend, Sally Lou. He'll do the flying and I'll have both hands free. Isn't science wonderful? Come over here, sweet, and I'll tell you how it feels to be a G-BAT captain. You see, it's like this . . ."

(Copyright)

Mandrake the Magician



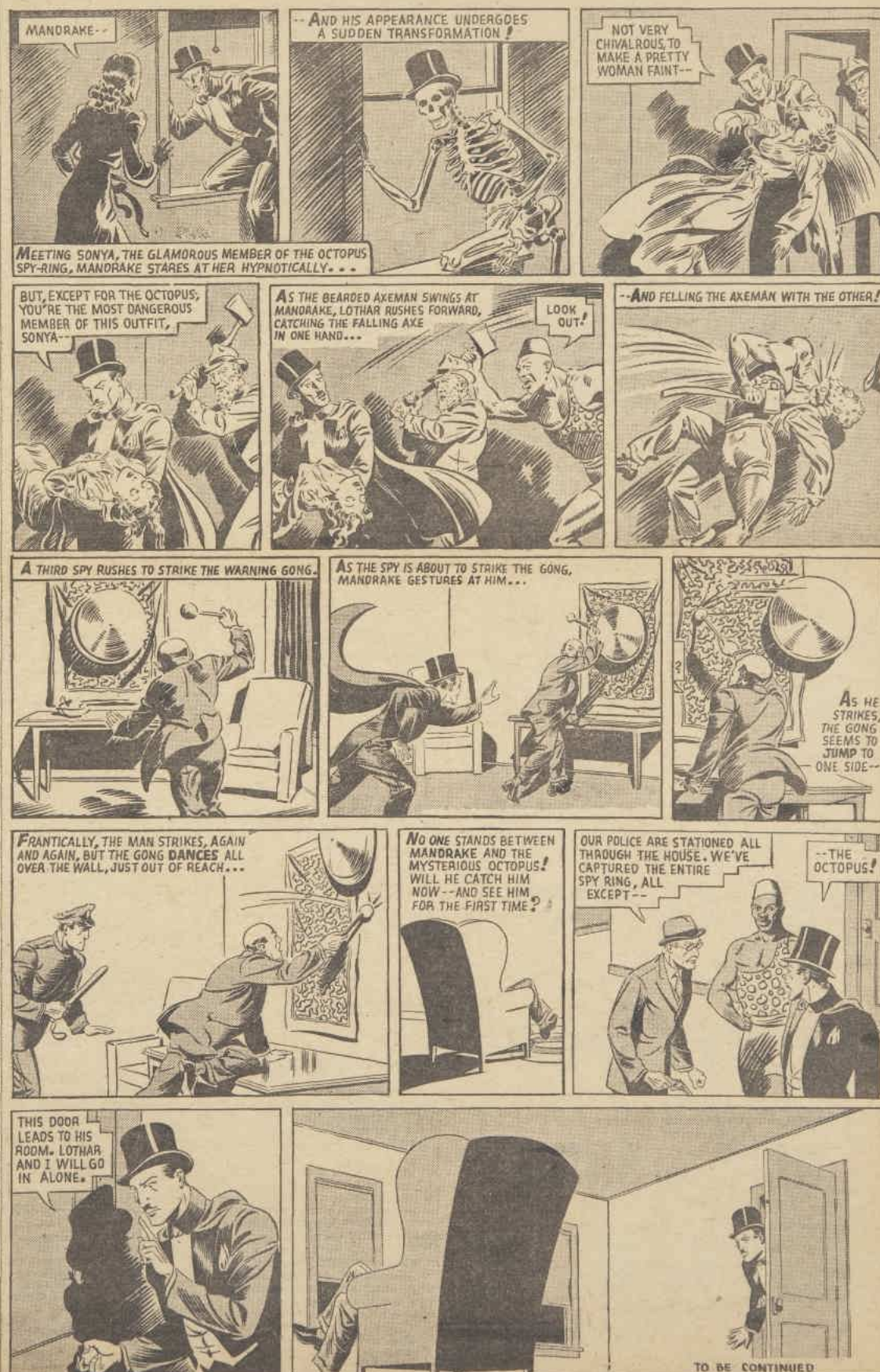
MANDRAKE: Master magician, has escaped with

PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, from the clutches of the Octopus Ring, a gang of international spies headed by

THE OCTOPUS: Whose identity is a mystery even to his companions in crime. After

ensuring the safety of Narda, the magician contacts

MR. FOOTE: Head of the Secret Police, and the round-up of the spies is commenced. A force of 100 police raid their lair, and after the outside guards have been captured the search for the Octopus is started. NOW READ ON.



PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ THE GREAT MAN'S LADY (Week's Best Release)

Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, (Paramount.)

WILLIAM WELLMAN directed this absorbing pioneering drama. It gives Barbara Stanwyck an interesting role too. As "The Great Man's Lady," she ages from a sixteen-year-old to a woman of over one hundred years. It is a clever job of make-up, and Barbara handles her role with spirit and feeling.

Film opens when a statue to the memory of Ethan Hoyt (Joel McCrea), founder of modern Hoyt City, is about to be unveiled. Flashback unfolds all the vivid life of the woman whose sacrifice makes Hoyt's success possible.

McCrea gives a sound portrayal of the enthusiastic, ambitious Hoyt, while Brian Donlevy, as the gambler and Barbara's loyal friend, is excellent.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ QUIET WEDDING

Margaret Lockwood, Derek Farr, (British.)

ALMOST gossamer fabric, aided by excellent direction of Anthony Asquith and superb cast, makes this delightful film.

It is a bubbling farce, with a very simple plot. Two young people engaged to be married have to cope with all the advice and interference of friends and relations, which accompany their own plan to have a nice quiet village wedding. "Quiet Wedding" is beautiful, escapist entertainment—with the characters all played to high, clever comedy.

Margaret Lockwood is the girl who suddenly finds herself unable to stand the awful fuss her relatives are causing about her wedding. Derek Farr is the fiance, and both give fine performances, but honors go to older players—Marjorie Fielding, Athene Seyler, and Frank Cellier.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ PLAYMATES

Kay Kyser, Ginny Simms, (RKO.)

JOHN BARRYMORE and band-leader Kay Kyser play themselves in this musical burlesque.

Barrymore is a Shakespearean actor who, down on his luck, agrees to team with Kyser in a Shakespearean festival.

Swing fans will probably enjoy Kyser's musical version of "Romeo and Juliet" with a modern Romeo's boogie-woogie wailing of his Juliet. Ginny Simms sings tunelessly.

Barrymore capers with enthusiasm, is battered by Lupe Vélez (playing his fiery Mexican sweetheart), renders himself speechless in a frenzied finale. You'll find it all pretty dull.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ SOUTH OF TAHITI

Brian Donlevy, Maria Montez, (Universal.)

THIS quaint mixture of comedy and Tarzan-type melodrama involves three carefree pearl fishermen; a South Seas strong maid with a leopard call of distress which brings the animals bounding out of the jungle to the rescue; and a plot by the fishermen to steal pearls from the natives.

The film is at its best in its comedy, handled by Brod Crawford and Andy Devine. As the hero Brian Donlevy is fairly convincing.

Dark-eyed Maria Montez, clad in various sarongs and with posies in her hair, is attractive.—Capitol; showing.

Cable news from the studios

By VIOLA MACDONALD in HOLLYWOOD

THE life story of Sister Kenny, Australian nurse whose treatment for infantile paralysis is now being acclaimed in the United States, is to be filmed by a major studio.

AFTER a year's illness Mrs. Victor McLaglen, wife of the screen actor, has passed away.

THE Fred Astaire are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter. They already have a five-year-old boy, named Fred.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Blossoms in the Dust. Greer Garson in heart-warming drama.—Liberty; 17th week.

★★ Pimpernel Smith. Leslie Howard in enthralling adventure.—Lyceum; 6th week.

★★ 49th Parallel. Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier in grand British anti-Nazi adventure drama.—Mayfair; 4th week.

★★ How Green Was My Valley. Walter Pidgeon, Roddy McDowall in superb dramatization of book.—Embassy; 2nd week.

★★ Here Comes Mr. Jordan. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains in delightful fantasy.—State; 2nd week.

★★ A Yank in the R.A.F. Tyrone Power, Betty Grable in enthralling topical romance.—Regent; 5th week.

★★ Lydia. Merle Oberon, Alan Marshal in appealing drama.—Century; 2nd week.

★★ Turned Out Nice Again. George Formby in broad farce.—Victory; 2nd week.

BETTE DAVIS' leading man in "Now, Voyager" will be Paul Henreid, Hollywood's idol since the release of RKO's "Joan of Paris." You saw Henreid as the Nazi in "Night Train to Munich."

RONALD REAGAN, who has made a smash hit in Warner's "King's Row" at its previews, has been drafted into the army. He is a former lieutenant of the United States Cavalry. Another recruit is Reginald Denny, who has joined the Royal Canadian Air Force.

MGM discovery Van Heflin (last seen in "The Feminine Touch") and Franchot Tone are rivals for the role of Father Chisholm in the film of Cronin's "Keys of the Kingdom."

JAMES CAGNEY and his brother Bill Cagney will co-produce six films, each starring James, who has left Warners' studio after twelve years.

AFTER his wife Annabella told him it was up to him to do what he wanted, Tyrone Power applied for enlistment in the U.S. Navy. He will probably be given the rating of chief petty-officer in the morale and recreation division.

BECAUSE of Lew Ayres' refusal to join the Army, the Boston City Council has ordered the local censor to revoke the licence of any theatre showing pictures starring Ayres.

ON her tour of the Middle West, which entailed forty personal appearances — and trunksful of three hundred different costumes — Ann Sheridan completely captivated the U.S. Army camps. Biggest hit in her programme was the song "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

AUSTRALIAN Cecil Kellaway's work in the musical, "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," is regarded here as of star importance. Paramount is now planning roles of the Charles Laughton type for him.

CORRESPONDENT Quentin Reynolds and his bride, Virginia Payne, who are honeymooning at San Valia, may possibly visit Australia soon.

THE Jackie Coogans have separated — only a month after the birth of their son.

Mexico Is So Romantic

Continued from page 3

MARY protested: "It'll cost too much!"

"There's a favorable rate of exchange. We have money in the bank."

"I thought we were saving up for our family."

"I want fun while I'm young."

"All right, daddy," Mary said.

Johnny pumped Bob dry. By then he was intoxicated with visions of an older civilisation.

Under his prodding, Mary went to a library and came home with an armload of books on Mexico and a Spanish dictionary and grammar.

The dictionary and the grammar held Johnny for two weeks, but he finally decided he'd need a teacher.

"You should take lessons, too," Johnny said to Mary.

"I don't mind talking to myself," Mary said, "but why should I talk to myself in Spanish?"

"If we should decide to go to Mexico instead of that farm—"

"You've already decided, haven't you?" Mary smiled.

"Well," Johnny said, "you've got something to say about it, honey."

"What?" Mary said. "Yes?"

"I knew you'd come round to it," he said. "You're a sweet thing."

"Wonderful," Mary said. "How much of our money is going to be left when this trip's over?"

"Listen," Johnny said, in a loud voice. "I've got a right to do what I want, even if I am married. If you like that farm go there. I'll go to Mexico by myself."

Peace hovered over the breakfast table in the morning. Johnny waited until leaving time to bring up the subject of a Spanish teacher. Mary was co-operative. She would ask Letty Manders if she knew one.

"That's a good idea," Johnny said.

When Johnny kissed Mary goodbye, she melted into his arms, with almost a brand-new compliance. Johnny felt a sudden sense of power. He made a mental note to conduct his home life on more of a totalitarian basis hereafter.

Mary had news that night. The teacher would be with them at eight o'clock. He only charged three dollars a lesson for two.

"Two?" Johnny said. "You're going to take lessons with me?"

"Of course," Mary told him. "I talked to him on the phone. He sounded awfully nice."

"Oh!" Johnny said. "What's his name?"

"Carlos Grogan."

"Grogan? Good lord, that's not a Spanish name!"

"His mother was Spanish and his father Irish. He's lived in Mexico for years," Mary said.

Promptly at eight o'clock the doorbell rang and Carlos Grogan appeared. He had bright red hair.

"I'm Mary Mercer," Mary said. "This is Mr. Mercer."

Carlos bowed stiffly from the waist. "Delighted." He bent over Mary's hand and kissed it. It was obvious that Mary liked it. Then he looked at her with hot blue eyes.

"The beautiful Senora Mercer," he said. "I have heard of her."

Johnny led the way into the living-room and explained that they wanted a quick, thorough knowledge of the language in order better to appreciate their forthcoming holiday in Mexico.

"With Senora Mercer with you," Carlos said. "The country will be yours. Beyond the Rio Grande beauty such as hers is the wine of life."

"Uh-huh," Johnny grunted.

Carlos came ten times, and Mary made astounding progress. Johnny lagged behind, but he consoled himself with the obvious fact that Mary was teacher's pet.

Spanish seemed to make a new woman of Mary. All day long she was a prosaic, steady housewife, but on lesson nights she blossomed out into a flower of romance.

Johnny began giving not only Spanish but the whole theory of thought. The climax came the night Carlos came to dinner and they went later as his guests to a Mexican nightclub. En route they called for a girl, Mercedes Garcia, who pulled up with Johnny.

El Simpatico, the cafe, was hot, noisy, and populated almost exclusively by Mexicans.

They sat in a booth festooned with streamers of colored paper and

lighted by candles stuck in bottle-necks. A waitress in grubby uniform served uneatable food.

The orchestra began to play. Carlos rose with Mary.

"Want to dance?" Mercedes asked. "No," Johnny said and took a drink hastily.

He looked out on the dance floor. Along with a lot of other Latinos, Mary and Carlos were doing a conga. Where Mary had learned the dance, Johnny didn't know.

Johnny hadn't watched Mary in this way for a couple of years. He had taken her for granted for a long time. It came to him with shocking suddenness now that she was a girl worth fighting for. And nobody was going to take her away from him.

"I like dancing myself," Mercedes was saying. "You haven't a wooden leg, have you?"

"No," Johnny said, rising abruptly. "but I certainly could use a good club right now."

He strode across the dance floor and tapped Carlos on the shoulder.

"Listen," Johnny said to Mary, "you're going home!"

"Going home?" Carlos said. "Why, we've only been here . . ."

Johnny shoved a fist an inch from Carlos' nose. Carlos backed apprehensively away.

"I've been watching you, you Irish peon," Johnny told him. "I know you've been after my wife. You can make a fool of her, but you can't make one of me. She's going home, and neither one of us is ever going to see you again. And if you ever come round, you rat, I'll bend you like a rubber stick!"

The music stopped and the other dancers crowded round curiously. Johnny looked at Mary.

"Have you got anything to say?" he demanded.

"No," Mary said submissively. Johnny marched her out of El Simpatico for ever.

They took a taxi home. There was nothing said until they got in the house. They paused in the hallway.

"Do you want a divorce?" Mary asked.

"No," Johnny said with dignity, "but I want an understanding with you. From now on I'm going to be boss in this house. And there won't be any more Spanish lessons or any more Spanish guys. Understand?"

"I've been a foolish girl," Mary said, bursting into tears. "You're wonderful to forgive me."

"I know what I'm doing," Johnny said. "I've been too easy-going in the past, that's all."

"Yes, Johnny!" said Mary humbly. "Another thing," Johnny said. "We're not going to Mexico. Ever."

"Yes, teacher," Mary said.

A month later, browned and filled out from two weeks at the farm, Johnny was at the bank counter when a man from the new accounts came over with Mercedes.

"Oh, hello!" she said. She shoved two hundred dollars in crumpled bills across the counter. "Put this in a joint account, will you, under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Grogan?"

"Grogan!" Johnny said. "Have you married him?"

"Yes, I finally got him."

"It's none of my business," he said, "but I think you were crazy to marry him. He was practically in love with my wife. How are you going to stay married to a fellow like that?"

"Look," Mercedes said wearily, "haven't you guessed that one yet?"

"Guessed that one yet?"

"Sure. Your little woman paid Carlos to put on an act. She thought it'd make you mad and then she wouldn't have to go to Mexico. Part of that stuff on the counter is your money. So long, kid."

"Adios," Johnny said mechanically.

Mary was waiting for him when he got home. He walked slowly up to her, somehow conveying the impression that his fangs were bared.

"I've some news for you," Mary said.

"I've got some for you," Johnny replied grimly.

"Let me tell mine first," Mary said. "We're going to have a baby!"

Johnny stared at her, growing rigid. Mary watched him apprehensively. Then a very, very wide smile started to break across his face. It lit up everything, like a Mexican sunrise.

"Muy bueno," Johnny said. "In Spanish that means 'very good.'"

(Copyright)

Three Half-Hours of Sparkling Enjoyment

"LADIES FIRST"

MONDAY 8 TO 8.30 P.M.

Two Jack Davey Quizzes—"Yes-No" and "Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral" together with Ann Goad, baritone; Alice Smith, vocalist; and George Blackshaw, the Learned Lunatic.

"YOUTH SHOW"

TUESDAY 8 TO 8.30 P.M.

Australia's cleverest "twenty-one and under" stars in a glorious presentation that puts the accent on Youth.

"RISE and SHINE"

WEDNESDAY 8 TO 8.30 P.M.

Half-an-hour with the boys in camp with Jack Davey presenting a General Knowledge Quiz and popular artists presenting their most popular items.

2GB

for your 8 o'clock entertainment



*The
Movie
World*

● It is difficult to realise that this vital new Judy Garland with sophisticated hair-do and streamlined figure was, a few years ago, a tomboyish schoolgirl. Now, at 19, Judy is America's singing sweetheart and one of MGM's biggest stars.

JUDY GARLAND

● Recently married to musical composer Dave Rose, Judy and her new husband are both working hard entertaining the troops at camp concerts. Judy has just finished "Babes on Broadway," in which she again co-stars with Mickey Rooney.



But nowadays she's bright and gay with Crisp Rice Bubbles every day!

Breakfast is really fun for kiddies, when you serve them Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. Yes, these tasty bubbles of toasted rice go Snap! Crackle! Pop! when you pour milk on them. It's fascinating! Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are overflowing with nourishment and energy. They make a bonny breakfast for youngsters—and they're so easily digested, too. They never upset kiddies' tummies. Try them for breakfast to-morrow!



"Rice Bubbles" are utterly distinct from any other ready-to-eat cereal. Product and process are protected by Australian Letters Patent Nos. 16524/26; 16525/26. "Rice Bubbles" is the trade mark of Kellogg's (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., for oven-popped rice.

PROVED by Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests New Shampoo Thrills Thousands!



CLEARLY PROVED 4 ADVANTAGES:
1. Up to 33% more lustre.
2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
3. Faster, safer "perming."
4. Keeps hair's elasticity.



TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE:
LEFT—Soap-washed side. Hair dulled by "alkali-flu."
RIGHT—Colinated side. Hair is silky-bright.

No other shampoo tested beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle!

HERE is, perhaps, the strictest and most convincing test anyone has ever dared to make on a shampoo—a triumph for the exclusive patented "Colinating" process.

In these unique "half-head" tests, one side of the head is washed with Colinated foam—the other with soap or powder shampoo.

1. The Colinated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent

waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl. Not a soap scum or oily residue to remove. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo.

(Costs less than 4d a shampoo!)



● Robert Donat returns to the screen after a lengthy absence to play the title role in Twentieth Century-Fox's "The Young Mr. Pitt."

Robert Donat as the younger Pitt

By ANNE MATHIESON, in London

BRITAIN'S most inspiring wartime film, "The Young Mr. Pitt," has just been finished, with Robert Donat as the strict, proud, shy statesman, playing the longest, most exacting role of his career.

"The Young Mr. Pitt" is an historical drama based on the life of Prime Minister William Pitt, who brought a united England to face the threatened Napoleonic invasion—an invasion threat strongly paralleled to-day, 150 years later.

"We are called upon to struggle for the destiny, not only of this country, but of the whole civilised world," were the dramatic words which greeted me as I walked on to the set at Shepherd's Bush.

The speaker was Robert Donat, and I was standing at a reconstruction of the House of Commons.

The scene was when Pitt was called out of retirement to save England from Napoleon's threatened invasion, and after a retake of this sequence and film was complete.

Presently Donat, in one of his many costumes designed for this film, sat beside me on the set.

Enjoyed his role

"I HAVE spent six months on research work preparing for this part," he said. "And I have been 800 hours before the cameras. But there hasn't been a minute I wouldn't live again, for it has been a part I have really enjoyed. The fine shades of Pitt's character have given me the opportunity for a performance I hope will measure up to expectations."

"I have a graph in my dressing-room, and from the red line see each day the frame of mind I am supposed to be in."

Robert beckoned a chubby-faced schoolboy and introduced us. It was 14-year-old Geoffrey Atkins, of whom I had already heard from the newspapers which helped to search for him when Robert couldn't recall his name.

"Geoff and I played together in 'Good-Bye, Mr. Chips.' He was the new boy in the humorous scenes in

that film, and for the first week of his holidays from Rugby he has been sitting in that tapestry chair, nodding gravely towards me, in the role of Pitt as a young lad."

Opposite Donat in colorful contrast is tall, portly Robert Morley, cast as Charles James Fox. John Mills, as William Wilberforce, and Phyllis Calvert, in the role of Eleanor Eden (a member of Anthony Eden's family), who wins the Prime Minister's heart but loses it as he breaks off his romance for the urgent call of country, are two other stars.

Rebuilt old London

WE left the House of Commons set and wandered round a London of the eighteenth century, as members of the enormous cast walked about in powdered wigs, tricorn hats, brocaded coats, and ruffles.

The mammoth task of rebuilding old London for "The Young Mr. Pitt" was worked from 600 plans. Even Prime Minister Winston Churchill had cameramen at No. 10 photographing the famous study, conference, and reception rooms for the reproduction—they've changed very little since Pitt's days.

One of Britain's leading historians spent most of the six months at Shepherd's Bush studios, facing up to a barrage of queries, such as "With which foot did Talleyrand limp?" "What sort of bathing machine did George III use?" "How did the news of Napoleon's threatened invasion reach England?"

Director Carol Reed told me that he couldn't help once or twice laying a bait for historian Hartman, who was horrified one day to see Donat, as England's Prime Minister, emerge from No. 10 carrying a smart piskin suitcase, while lying on the sidewalk was a packet of cigarettes.

Hartman leapt forward to protest, when he heard the film crew laughing in triumph at the gag.

There are 148 speaking parts in the film, and the huge crowd scenes are made up for the most part of men who gave up their hard-earned leave from the Army, Air Force, and Navy to don eighteenth-century costumes and greasepaint.

WHO WANTS TO LOOK YOUNG

Amazing
Discovery
ENDS
LINES

WOMEN
OF 50
CAN LOOK
35

A new precious extract of skin cells—just like the vital elements in a healthy young girl's skin. Discovered by a famous University Professor. Obtained by him from carefully selected young animals. This extract, called 'Biocel' is now contained in Crème Tokalon Biocel. Apply it every night. Every minute while you sleep your skin absorbs these vital elements. Every morning when you wake up your skin is clearer, fresher, smoother—YOUNGER. During the day use Crème Tokalon (Vanishing). By this simple treatment any woman can make herself look ten years younger. Have a marvellous skin and complexion of which any young girl would be proud. Successful results positively guaranteed with Tokalon Creams or money refunded. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

Why I switched to Meds



—by an airline hostess

We airline hostesses are modern-minded. So I've always preferred internal sanitary protection. That's why I was so tickled when I learned that the makers of Meds had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 1/8 a box of ten. Meds certainly are miles ahead. And they're the only tampons in individual applicators that cost so little.



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ENDS ASTHMA New 3/6, 8/6, 12/6

IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND



1 SISTERS Kay (Betty Grable), Barbara (C. Landis), aunt Susan (C. Greenwood) learn they have inherited money.



2 GAMBLING on Kay marrying millionaire, trio pool cash on Miami jaunt, Kay posing as heiress, with secretary and maid.



3 LIVING LUXURIOUSLY at hotel, Kay immediately attracts two men, wealthy playboy Jeff (R. Cummings), his friend, Phil (D. Ameche), who vie for her affections.

COLOR MUSICAL

SET in the glamorous holiday resort of Miami, Twentieth Century - Fox's musical, "Moon Over Miami," puts dazzling blonde Betty Grable, its star, back into technicolor.

The amusing plot casts Betty as a poor girl who poses as an heiress to catch a wealthy husband, and so make the fortunes not only of herself, but of her aunt (Charlotte Greenwood) and her sister (Carole Landis).

Robert Cummings and Don Ameche are romantic playboys—and the problem of which girl gets which is something you'll have to find out for yourself.

Betty Grable dances, Ameche sings, while Charlotte Greenwood, teamed with Jack Haley, provides the comedy.

Cobina Wright, jun., is also in the film—playing what she is in real life, a genuine society girl.



4 CRISIS, when trio learn they have no money left for hotel bill, is met by Susan, who borrows from bellboy Jack (Haley).



5 ARRIVED together as usual to escort Kay, Phil and Jeff include Barbara in foursome, Jeff being attracted to Barbara.



6 SHOWDOWN comes when Kay, accepting Phil's proposal because she loves him, says she is penniless, learns he is too.



7 DECLARING Phil fortune-hunter, angry Kay announces engagement to Jeff at his home, where others straightway follow.

For Good Health and Good Looks...



When she took to sleep-watching nights
The doctors were baffled—and rightly?
For how could they know
It was only to show
Her new 'Warmees' so streamlined
and sprightly?

It's an elegant
economy to wear
Katser 'Warmees'.
They will keep you
warm this winter
and next, and de-
light you with last-
ing loveliness.

KATSER
'Warmees'

DEFINITELY I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW!

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Banished

DE WITT'S PILLS
ENDED
MY PAIN



"De Witt's Pills ended my pain." There is a very simple reason why so many people have repeated those words.

De Witt's Pills banish backache, rheumatism and such symptoms of kidney trouble because they put new life and energy into weak, sluggish kidneys. De Witt's Pills compel those vital organs to clear out the poisons that cause your pain. Here is striking proof:

Mrs. M. M. writes: "For months I was prostrated with terrible pains from kidney trouble and could not carry on. I gained such relief after taking De Witt's Pills that I cannot say how thankful I am. Since taking De Witt's Pills I have been quite free from backache and kidney trouble."

Fifteen Years Later. "I have had no trouble with my kidneys since taking De Witt's Pills."

WEAK KIDNEYS

lead to
Backache
Cystitis
Lumbago
Joint Pains
Rheumatism
Sciatica Disturbed Nights



Start with De Witt's Pills to-day and notice how, within 24 hours from the first dose, they act directly on your kidneys. De Witt's Pills are promptly on the job, clearing out all those poisons and impurities which cause your pain.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere. prices 1/10, 3/1 and 6- (including Sales Tax).

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

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THE most popular, most thoroughly tested and trusted remedy for effectively dealing with Coughs, Colds, Croup, Sore Throat and other chest troubles, is HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure. For more than sixty years HEARNE'S has given proof of its power to give quick relief, hasten recovery and lessen any danger from after-effects of Influenza and Measles.

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It pays her to be bad . . . for films



• Hollywood's leading dramatic actress, Bette Davis, has proved it pays to be bad—for the screen. Pictures on this page are from her films from 1934 on, in each of which she has taken an unsympathetic role.



• After playing four likeable heroines, Bette returned to villainy as the faithless wife in Somerset Maugham's dramatic "The Letter."



• Bette's latest heroine is also her most hateful—in Goldwyn's "The Little Foxes" she is the ruthless Regina, who contemplates even murder of her husband, Herbert Marshall (above), for own gain.



• Bette's bad girl career began in 1934 with "Of Human Bondage," Leslie Howard film.



• Her brilliant success in this film was followed next year by the tarnished blonde heroine of "Border Town," opposite Paul Muni. This was a daringly unflattering part.



• Just to prove that she wasn't a type Bette switched to a sympathetic role in "The Petrified Forest," with Humphrey Bogart and Leslie Howard (above).



• First Academy Award won by Bette was in 1935 for "Dangerous," playing a woman redeemed by Tone (above).

• Second Academy Award went to Bette in 1938 for her Southern temptress of "Jezebel," with Fonda (below).



THAT

was almost the only exchange of civilities between them that whole summer, for they had both changed as much as Margreta, and she stood between them.

Sometimes Roth wondered if there was an understanding between Margreta and Holger. There was a way they had of looking at each other. But he would not believe there was because he wanted Margreta himself.

"So you're going to be a soldier," she said. "I thought you wanted to be a chemist once."

"Once," he said impatiently. "When I was an ambitious boy." Margreta said: "Here we leave the army to those who want fine uniforms. The rest of us have too much to do building Denmark's future to dream of conquest. We are a small country and content to stay that way."

She looked at him then and suddenly she was so remote and yet so desirable that he rushed at her and held her against the trunk of the tree that Holger had kept alive. He was full of angry passion, determined to make her respond. At last she did and then she wrenched herself away.

"You had no right!" she said, and the quicksilver behind her eyes had turned black.

"I had!" he shouted.

And then he kissed her again and she flung her head sideways so hard that it cracked against the tree trunk.

"I choose my own man," she said.

"Let me go!"

"No!" he said.

Holger's voice broke in, deep and quiet. "Margreta wishes to go," he said, and pulled her towards him. She leant against Holger for a moment, comforted by something strong and grave in him. He looked at Roth.

"You wish to duel?" Roth asked, grinding out the words between his teeth.

Holger laughed aloud, throwing his head back.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Roth," he said. "You're not the Student Prince, you know. You were bothering Margreta, that was all."

There was a feeling of strain between Margreta and Roth during the short remaining weeks of summer; sometimes she could not meet his eyes, and sometimes when he looked up suddenly he knew she had been watching and thinking about him. The trouble was he didn't know what she was thinking, until the last evening.

"Roth," she said, and she put her hand gently in his. "You are so strange compared to the quiet boy who used to come here—perhaps it is the uniform, perhaps something else. I am attracted to you—I would not deny that. Yet I have a feeling of distrust about you, too, and I always feel those things together—I cannot seem to separate them. I am telling you this so you will know how things are with me."

Roth said: "Let us leave things that way. I will come back during the winter. Anton and I are going skiing in Norway at Christmas time—and perhaps by then you will know whether you love me or not."

He hadn't gone back that winter. He was sent into Austria and after that into Czechoslovakia. He rose to be a captain, known for his devotion to the ideals of state and leader, and when he thought of Margreta it was almost wonderingly. But now he was back in Copenhagen near her.

It might have been ten years ago, or three, since he had seen the Haunstrup farm.

Silently the Conquered

Continued from page 6

Roth had his hand raised to rap at the lower half of the door—the top half was swung against the wall—when old Anton suddenly got up from the low chair in which he was seated.

"Yes?" he said. "You wish?" "This is Roth," he said hesitantly. All his new assurance and pride seemed to have left him.

Anton drew his heavy brows together. Then he slowly put out his hand and said: "I had almost forgotten. There are so many uniforms. But welcome in the name of the older and better days."

"Tell me what's going on," Roth said, and sat down, to put the old man at his ease.

"Mathias has died," Anton said.

"I am sorry," Roth said, and there were tears in his eyes. He felt suddenly lonely, orphaned for the second time.

"Anton did not come home from Finland," his father said, and Roth knew better than to ask why he had gone there in the first place.

There was a long silence before Roth asked almost diffidently: "And Margreta?"

"She was working in Copenhagen," her father said. "For an exporter—Margreta always loved to have to do with the world; you remember. Now that she has no job she is helping Holger." He paused. "Co-operative work."

Roth felt that inward prickle of attention that warned him of danger.

"I'm going to find Margreta," he said, as the old man looked at him with grave dislike.

Holger was talking to half a dozen men under a great tree and Margreta was folding and stuffing some sort of circular into envelopes at a table near by. Roth saw people looking at one another, as they did whenever he joined a group. Their faces grew blank and their eyes hard. Holger looked Roth over from gold-braided cap to polished boots.

"A general has come to call," he said to Margreta, whose hands seemed to slow at their work for a moment, before she began to fold and stuff again. Then she sprang to her feet and came to welcome Roth.

As if at a signal, the farmers got up, nodded to Holger and began to leave.

Margreta said: "Don't forget the meeting to-morrow night." She unfolded the circular in her hand so that Roth could see its innocence. "Danish farmers," it said. "Preserve your land! Meet at the Lunoe Farm, Thursday night, and learn new ways to eradicate all kinds of pests!"

Again Roth felt that pricking as he noticed that the big silo behind the barn had recently burned down to a pile of blackened embers.

Margreta spoke suddenly and smiled so that Roth felt a wave of warmth sweep over him.

"Are you going to take me to dinner?" she asked. So they left Holger standing in his yard.

As Margreta smiled and chattered with him, laughing in the old, merry way, as if he were not an enemy, he forgot everything but the pleasure of knowing that he could make this beautiful woman his whenever he wanted to.

He took her first to have a drink at the Yacht Club on the Langelinie.

Margreta said: "Holger and I have argued about you so many times. He says you cannot separate a man from what he does—that if a man is a—she hesitated tactfully—"conqueror, let us say, he will be ruthless and violent. I said there was in a man still something of what he once was."

She raised her eyes and looked steadily at him. "I wanted to see which of us was right." Her voice fell a little.

"I did not want to have memories hanging about in my head if—"

"If?" Roth asked triumphantly.

"If I married Holger."

"Holger?" Roth said. "My dear girl, he is left over from the old days. You and I are young and strong. We want success."

"Is it success to be hated and feared?" she asked.

He said: "That proves how strong we are."

She said: "Do you never wonder—?"

"No," he answered, taking her hand. "We are in control and nothing can defeat us." That was to warn her.

She was looking at him with a long, questioning glance that angered him a little and he snapped his fingers for the waiter, who sprang to serve the uniform.

"Let us leave," he said.

As they got up to go, Roth noticed that theirs was the only table occupied, though when they arrived every table had been taken.

"What happened to all the others?" Roth demanded.

Margreta said: "They were all Danes, perhaps." He flushed.

Suddenly the softness had gone out of his feeling for Margreta. She had become only a beautiful woman, to be taken by force. He pressed his mouth down on hers, glad to feel her amazed and furious resistance.

Margreta stood still after the first second of wild struggle, so still that at last he released her.

She spoke slowly, dropping her words like cold stones. "I am glad you did that," she said. "If you

hadn't, I might have gone on defending you to others, and thought myself that you were the Roth I knew as a youth. Now I know you have betrayed our friendship and hospitality. You have trampled on all we free Danes held dear. Now I know there is nothing evil enough that I can think about you."

Her words were hurting Roth. He felt one last upsurge of old, and soon to be for ever lost, emotions—shame and self-questioning and that queer, horrible loneliness that he had been struggling against ever since he arrived in Copenhagen.

It attacked him when he saw people's faces go blank as he approached. When, as this afternoon, he seemed to spread a shadow before him. His uniform, his speech, his presence there might have marked him with a medieval bell, so that when he walked out in the streets that had once been so charming and so gay he was like one plague-stricken, calling out: "Unclean! Unclean!"

"THANK

I am free of whatever attraction you once held me with," Margreta said. "I am going back to Holger now, to help him."

She began to walk swiftly away and Roth hurried after her.

He said almost humbly: "Please am I never to see you again?"

She turned to look at him one last time before she crossed the street. She looked at his polished boots that walked heavily in streets of countries where they did not belong. At his uniform that fitted as closely as his firm, hard thoughts. At his cap. At his sword.

"You have the power to order me into your presence," she said.

It was only then, as she was walking away from him for ever, that Roth realised that a conqueror is doomed to loneliness. His footsteps echo with a hollow sound, and words of greeting in a foreign tongue: "Good evening, Herr Captain. Everything is quiet," hang heavy in the unresponsive air.

(Copyright)

AN AIR RAID WARDEN

but he wasn't always on the "Alert"!



I stepped outside for a smoke and overheard one of the coves say, "Phew, it's less stuffy now old John's gone out. Somebody ought to tell that bloke about Lifebuoy!"



I must have been crazy not to have tried Lifebuoy before. What clouds of rich creamy lather! REAL protection against "B.O." And talk about mildness—my wife wouldn't use any other soap now!

LIFEBUOY Better than ever!

NOW ONLY ONE KIND OF LIFEBUOY — THE BEST — IN THE CARTON YOU'VE KNOWN SO LONG.

Still the one soap specially made to prevent "B.O."

A LEVER PRODUCT



I was on duty at the Emergency Post the other night and got the shock of my life! I wanted to do my bit but nobody seemed very helpful—always busy or something!



Boy was I glad of the black-out! No wonder I hadn't been getting that friendly helping hand! Believe me, from that night I made sure my baths were Lifebuoy baths.



Well, it's a different story lately. After duty these nights we all go to one another's homes for tea and a smoke. No more feeling out of things—I'm really "one of the boys" now!



Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a box of Oriez Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

You'll be thrilled to wear these . . .

Two cosy hand-knits

● Designed to bring sparkle to the knowing eye. One has been created for special occasions, for afternoons or evenings, the other for general wear. Both are smart, youthful-looking, slenderising.



WOULDN'T YOU like to see yourself in this cleverly-designed jumper? Well, you can! Secure the wool now and follow closely the directions given at right. It is imperative that you use the wool specified (you can choose your own favorite shade, of course, otherwise success of the garment cannot be guaranteed).

General service jumper

MATERIALS. — Paton's super-Scotlan fingering wool, 3-ply, quantity 30m. Beehive knitting needles, 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 12. **Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 20ins.; width all round at underarm, 32-36ins. **Tension:** To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 7 sts. to the inch in width.

THE BACK

Using the No. 12 needles, cast on 121 sts.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, repeat from * to the last st., k 1.

Repeat this row for 4ins. Using the No. 9 needles, continue working in fancy rib until the work measures 12ins. from the commencement.

Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows, then decrease once at each end of every alternate row until 81 stitches remain.

Continue in rib until work measures 15ins.

Proceed as follows:— 1st Row: K plain.

2nd Row: K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

Repeat these 2 rows for 3ins., ending with a p row.

Next Row: K 29. Cast off 23 sts., k plain to the end of the row.

Leave the first st. on a spare needle.

Work 1 row.

Decrease once at the neck edge in each of the next 7 rows.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts., work to the end of the row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work to the end of the row.

Repeat these 2 rows once. Cast off.

Join wool at the neck edge and work this side to correspond with the other.

THE FRONT

Work the same as for the back until 2ins. have been worked in stocking-stitch ending with a purl row (17ins.).

Next Row: K 39, leave these stitches on a spare needle, cast off 3 stitches, knit plain to the end of the row.

Work 1 row. Cast off 3 stitches at the beginning of the next and every alternate row 4 times, then decrease once at neck edge in every row until 20 stitches remain.

Work 3 rows. Cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of the next row. Work 1 row. Repeat last 2 rows once. Cast off. Join wool at neck edge and work side to correspond.

THE BACK NECKBAND

Using the No. 12 needles with right side of work facing knit up 61 stitches. Work 9 rows in fancy rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

THE FRONT NECKBAND

Using the No. 12 needles with right side of work facing, knit up 61 sts. round neck. Work 9 rows in fancy rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

THE ARMHOLE BANDS

Join the shoulder seams. Using the No. 12 needles, with the right side of work



LOOK SMART and cosy in this.

facing, knit up 129 sts. Work 3 rows in fancy rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP THE JUMPER

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Join the side seams.

THE jumper shown left is so decorative with its lattice-like front and yoke.

To the amateur it might look difficult, but with the simple directions to guide you along the road to success you need have no hesitation in undertaking the making of this little classic.

Here are the instructions:

Materials required: 8 skeins "Sun-beam" Crochet or "Sun-Glo" shrink-proof, 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2194 (turquoise); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 1 crochet hook; 8 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19ins. Bust, 32-34in.; length of sleeve seam, 5ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog., together; sl, slip.

Tension: 7 sts., 1in.; 9 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and continue in rib, increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row until increased to 124 sts. When work measures 12ins., shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 5ins., work as follows:

1st Row: * K 2, p 6, sl 2 sts. on spare needle and leave in front, k 2, k the 2 sts. from spare needle, p 6, k 2 repeat from * to end.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 6, p 4, k 6, p 2 repeat from * to end.

3rd Row: * SL 2 sts. on spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k the 2 sts. from spare needle, p 4, sl 1 st. on spare needle, and leave at back, k 2, p the st. from spare needle, repeat from * to end.

4th Row: * K 1, p 2, k 4, p 2, k 2, p 2, k 4, p 2, k 1, repeat from * to end.

5th Row: P 1, * sl 2 sts. on spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k the 2 sts. from spare needle, p 2, sl 1 st. on spare needle and leave at back, k 2, p the st. from spare needle, p 4, repeat from * ending with p 2 instead of p 2.

6th Row: * K 2, p 2, twice, k 4 (p 2, k 2) twice, repeat from * to end.

7th Row: P 2, * sl 2 sts. on spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k the 2 sts. from spare needle, sl 1 st. on spare needle and leave at back, k 2, p the st. from spare needle, p 4, repeat from * ending with p 2 instead of p 4.

8th Row: * K 3, p 4, k 6, p 4, k 3, repeat from * to end.

9th Row: * P 3, sl 2 sts. on spare needle and leave in front, k 2, k the 2 sts. from spare needle, p 6, sl 2 sts. on spare needle and leave at back, k 2, k the 2 sts. from spare needle, p 3, repeat from * to end.

10th Row: Repeat 8th row.

11th Row: P 2, * sl 1 st. on spare needle and leave at back, k 2, p the st. from spare needle, sl 2 sts. on spare needle, and leave in front, p 1, k the 2 sts. from spare needle, p 4, Repeat from * ending with p 2 instead of p 4.

12th Row: Repeat 6th row.

13th Row: P 1, * sl 1 st. on spare

needle and leave at back, k 2, p the st. from spare needle, p 2, sl 2 sts. on spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k the 2 sts. from spare needle, p 2. Repeat from * ending with p 1, instead of p 2.

14th Row: Repeat 4th row.

15th Row: * SL next st. on spare needle and leave at back, k 2, p the st. from spare needle, p 4, sl 2 sts. on spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k the 2 sts. from spare needle, Repeat from * to end.

16th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

Repeat last 16 rows, and when armhole measures 7ins., shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles cast on 64 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: (K 2, p 2) 9 times, work 20 sts. in pattern as for yoke (k 2, p 2) twice.

2nd Row: (K 2, p 2) twice, work 20 sts. in pattern (k 2, p 2) 9 times.

Continue to keep 8 centre-front sts. in rib and the next 20 sts. in pattern and increase 1 st. at side seam edge every 4th row until increased to 72 sts. (keeping increased sts. in rib). When work measures 12ins., cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 5ins., work across all sts. in pattern. When armhole measures 6ins., cast off 18 sts. at neck edge of the next row, K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 30 sts. When armhole measures 7ins., shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, commencing with p 2, k 2, and working border and pattern at opposite end, making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1in. from lower edge and 7 more 1ins. apart.

Buttonholes.—1st Row: P 2, k 2, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 4 sts., cast on 3 sts., p 2, k 2.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 84 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and continue in rib, increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row until increased to 92 sts. When work measures 5ins., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 22 sts. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and continue in rib, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 90 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19ins., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, gather sleeves around armholes. Work 1 row of d.c. down each front and around neck. Sew buttons on left front.



OLD MINER JOE
STUCK GOLD AT LAST!
(HE'D DUG FOR 30 YEARS)



THE TOWN TURNED OUT TO
WELCOME HIM WITH BANDS
AND FLAGS AND CHEERS



THE CIVIC BANQUET
WORRIED JOE—HIS HANDS
WERE BLACK WITH GRIME



BUT SOLVOL CLEANED
THEM IN A TWINK—
JOE HAD A SPLENDID TIME!

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Swiftly and easily, Solvol's rich penetrating ether sweeps away dirt and embedded grime. No matter how dirty your job, it's easy to have clean white hands when you wash with Solvol. And Solvol is as gentle on your skin as a fine toilet soap.





HERE IS A VIEW, photographed in natural color, of the beautiful Sheraton dining-table set with some of the silver, china, and linen that will grace the dining-room of the Red Cross Dream Home.

Beautiful glass, silver, lovely linen and china all ready . . . FOR THE RED CROSS DREAM HOME...

● Do you realise that the £5000 Dream Home, now nearing completion, will be equipped to the last egg-cup for the comfort and convenience of the lucky occupants?

By EVE GYE

PRACTICALLY every item has been purchased by Mrs. Keith Martin, who undertook the furnishing and equipment of this glorious £5000 home, presented to the Red Cross by The Australian Women's Weekly.

The other day I was invited to look over the china and glass, linen and silver, blankets, carpets, kitchenware, and all the little etceteras that go far towards making a home charming, friendly, and very comfortable.

So inspired was I with the superb quality and beauty of everything that I wanted, at first, to have everything photographed *holus bolus* in order to let you see just what

was going into the Dream Home, in addition to furniture, carpets, curtains, and labor-saving equipment already described in this section of The Australian Women's Weekly.

But I soon realised the impossibility of this, so then decided to set up the table and show you a sample, as it were, of china, linen, and silver.

Into our studio was brought the handsome Sheraton dining table, with the beautiful linen-upholstered chairs, china and silver, and the result is pictured above. By error the carrier brought the wrong glass so I have not shown you the exquisite cut-glass crystal chosen for table use comprising water, wine,

and cocktail glasses, but you will see them, I hope, at a later date; perhaps YOU will be the fortunate reader to use it!

The Dream Home will be equipped with two sets of place mats, serviettes, sufficient for six people. Included will be sets of traycloths and d'oyleys, table centres, and a divine supper cloth with serviettes to match.

House linen superb

ONLY the heaviest linen tea-towels (best Irish linen) were selected for kitchen use.

With exclamations of delight (and secret feelings of bitter envy) I looked over the sets of towels, bathmats, and the like for bathroom use.

luxuriously soft face towels, thick, weighty bath towels with pastel touches, sturdy hand towels—and all made in England.

There are thick chenille bathmats in soft pastel shades for the bathroom floor. They

are Australian made, and so attractive.

Eight pairs of beautiful linen-finish sheets with pillow-slips to match have been purchased for the Dream Home. And the last shipment of soft, downy blankets in pastel tones that came from England yielded a rich harvest for the lovely beds in the master bedroom, the girl's room, and the boy's room, too.

Mrs. Martin gave extra special thought to the selection of china. She told me that her heart was set on a most enchantingly patterned dinner set which would "go" so well with the color scheme of the dining-room, but a replacement guarantee in the event of breakages could not be given by the store.

She then turned her attention to the utility sets and decided on a delicate cream set. The handles of cups, jugs, teapot, vegetable-dishes are a soft dusky-pink. Being

MEDICO WARNS:

Beware of infection

● Even a trivial scratch, skin abrasion, or blister can, if neglected, endanger your life . . .

THE body is protected by a covering of skin. This is a first line of defence. If this is broken, temporary protection should be provided.

By neglecting to secure prompt first-aid for trivial scratches, abrasions, and blisters, you are giving an open invitation to infection.

The cause of half the lost time through injury is not the injury itself, but the infection resulting from thoughtlessness in not securing adequate first-aid treatment.

Infection can cause permanent stiffness, and even destruction of muscles and tendons, fingers, and joints.

Many sufferers from serious infection did not think that the scratch was bad enough to need prompt first-aid treatment.

The slightest cut, scratch, or trivial injury must be treated promptly. Wash the cut with an antiseptic (such as acriflavine 1 in 1000), dry with sterilised absorbent cotton, and apply weak tincture of iodine. Nothing should touch the cut except clean cloth or gauze which has been sterilised by being baked in an oven.

Make sure that the dressing covers the cut completely, then fix it in place by a bandage or a small square of elastic adhesive.

The cleaning and disinfecting of serious wounds should be left to the doctor. In cases of severe bleeding first-aid treatment should only deal with the checking of the bleeding and the application of a sterile dressing.

Deep cuts caused by sharp instruments likely to be infected with manure may result in tetanus unless they are treated by a doctor who can inject protective serum. It is now possible to be immunised for life against tetanus. All soldiers are now immunised in this way.

"Safety First" is more than a slogan. It is our appeal to common sense.

a stock pattern, the firm guarantees replacement in the event of breakages, though, of course, delays might result.

An exquisitely patterned tea service and coffee set are included in the list of china. A few bowls for fruit and flowers will also be included; also pictures.

The table silver is, of course, the best that money can buy. Some of it is pictured on this page. Even sugar tongs and butter knives are being provided for the owners-to-be of the Dream Home.

Cruets, butter dishes, jam dishes and all the other little essentials which make for table attractiveness have been chosen.

"We have bought the best quality saucepans for the kitchen," says Mrs. Martin. "Yes, there's a frying-pan, too, and all necessary cooking utensils."

"And I would like you to tell readers of The Australian Women's Weekly," she said, "that we have spent over £200 on carpets and rugs. I selected a beautiful Axminster body carpet for the main rooms, for entrance hall and stairway. A lovely blue corded carpet will cover the girl's room and a drugget rug the boy's room."

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For nursing mothers Ford Pills are just right because they don't cause griping, they don't flavour mother's milk or upset baby and they are a gentle and effective laxative. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruits that keep you well in Nature's way.

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Get Ford Pills in the new Red and Gold unbreakable tubes for 2/7½ and 12½d. everywhere.

2/7½ tubes hold more than three times the 12½d. tubes.

FORD PILLS

It's up to you to grow them!



CABBAGES, onions, parsnips, spinach, and carrots are among the many vegetables that can go in now.

● Every woman who owns a garden plot and can use a spade or wield a hoe should cultivate a vegetable patch for the sake of her family.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

HERE are still many people who refuse to take vegetable-growing seriously, notwithstanding the fact that the day may come when every cook may have to become a gardener or let her family go without vegetables.

Every patch of fertile soil should be producing something in the food line.

And now that autumn is here and winter is approaching, the gardener must not lose time. The ground should have been well manured and dug over a long time ago, but there is still time to do it. But the manure will have to be well decayed if dug in now.

It is too early for potatoes, but onions, carrots, parsnips, beetroots, swedes, white turnips, spinach, silver beet, broad beans, rhubarb, asparagus, peas, cabbage, lettuce, artichokes, broccoli, leeks, kohi rabi, celery, celeriac, cauliflower can be sown now in most of the warmer coastal districts, or seedlings or roots set out.

That old-time favorite, perpetual spinach (silver beet or Swiss chard), is one of the easiest to grow and certainly the most generous with its crop. Rich, deep soil, plenty of water and liquid manure, and some

dried fowl manure forked in occasionally, and spinach will almost top the fence.

You can sow the seed now or set out seedlings.

Much the same conditions can be applied to winter or prickly spinach and to broccoli and kale. The last two mentioned vegetables are not much grown in this country, but are full of iron and should be sown generously, particularly in cold districts. Like silver beet spinach, they crop for months. Seed of kale and broccoli should be sown now.

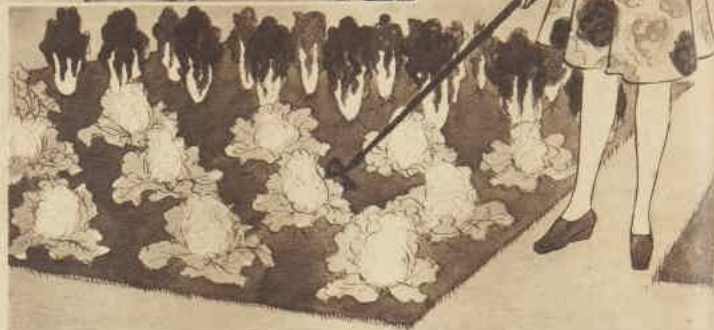
Cabbages and cauliflowers are good companions of the kitchen pot. They grow well during cold months and if progressive sowings are made should last well into the hot weather next season.

Cabbages need to be grown quickly, and that means rich soil, plenty of phosphoric acid, ample water, and nitrogenous matter in generous quantity when they start to heart up. Keep down the grubs with arsenate of lead dust during the early stages, and with derris root powder when they start to heart up, and the kitchen pot will bubble and sizzle for months to come.

Carrots, parsnips, beetroots, swedes and turnips belong to the fussy family. They hate fresh manure. Sow the seed in the ground that was well manured for cabbage, beans or lettuce last spring. Add some good, well-balanced fertiliser, fork in well, and let it rest for a week, and then sow the seed in shallow drills.

Plenty of elbow room, light to medium soil, regular cultivation and weed control, and some liquid manure, and all root crops will do well. The best carrots to sow now are Manchester Table, Early Nantes, Scarlet Intermediate, Red-Cored Chantenay, and Long Horn.

Beetroots make an excellent standby during winter, and a packet of Crimson Globe, Derwent Globe, Early Turnip-rooted, Eclipse, or



IT'S SURPRISING what you can produce from a few square yards of earth. Read the article on this page, plant according to instructions, and you'll reap the most succulent vegetables.

Obelisk will supply the average family with ample roots for winter months.

Onions of all kinds can be sown now. They like rich, friable, light to medium loam, an open, sunny position, and very favorable conditions. Seedlings need careful handling. Cut off the tops to an even length about a week before transplanting. This assists a dense root formation. Then lift them and cut off the roots evenly, leaving each seedling with about 1 to 1½ ins. of root.

Drill holes big enough to take the seedlings and firm well all round. Do not bury the bulbs deeply, however, or they will produce bull-necked onions. Pull the seedlings so that the base of the bulbs just rests on the surface. Then firm again and water well.

The best-keeping onions are Hunter River Brown and White Spanish, Brown Globe, Ailsa Craig, Early Yellow Globe, Early Flat Red, and South Port White Globe.

Early varieties are Odorless and Early Barletta. While of excellent flavor they are not, as a rule, good keepers.

Lettuces are always in request during winter, and the garden should never be without them. Rich soil and plenty of water, plus some sulphate of ammonia when hearting up, and those lettuces will soon be ready to cut. The best winter varieties are Imperial D, Imperial 618, Leeburg, Hanson, and Drumhead.

Peas are indispensable in the home garden, and should be sown generously. They can be sown every fortnight until May in warm districts, and main crop sowings from May to July in colder areas.

Lime or superphosphate should be applied generously to the soil some weeks before sowing, or applied dry along the rows and then forked in lightly after the plants are well above ground. In all cases peas should be given brush or wire-netting supports on which to climb.

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For young wives and mothers

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MANY a young mother becomes concerned when a rash appears on baby's skin, and anxiously seeks advice as to the cause of the trouble and how to treat it.

Some of these skin rashes (including prickly heat, from which many babies suffer unnecessarily in summer) can be treated easily by the mother.

A leaflet dealing with the treatment of the simpler types of rashes has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O. Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



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If you suffer from Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, and Colds, Distress, Cries under stress, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help you much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 3 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or drug store. The guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes: 1/2, 4/-, 8/-.

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Red embroidery motifs would be smart on cream or grey. Here are the sizes and prices:

To fit sizes 32 and 34, price 9/11; 36 and 38, price 10/11, 6d. extra for postage.

Or paper pattern only, price 1/7.

No embroidery transfers available.

Stranded cottons for the embroidery, all colors, 4d. skein.

NEEDLEWORK
NOTIONS



216

WHEN ORDERING this lovely jacket, ask for No. 216. It is obtainable in four sizes.

HANDY TRAVEL SUIT...

for small folk

EASY to put on, very comfortable to wear, this bonny suit (see No. 220 below) is obtainable from our Needlework Department, with the pattern and embroidery design clearly traced on good quality linora (hard-wearing material), also on winceyette in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green (linora colors same as winceyette). The embroidery design should be worked in a shade to contrast with the color of material chosen.

Sizes 2-4 years, price 4/9; 4-6 years, price 5/9; 6-8 years, price 6/11 complete, plus 6d. for postage.

Or paper pattern only, price 1/6; embroidery transfer, price 1/6 extra.



219

PRINCESS COAT ... Hat to match

THE adorable coat and hat shown above have been designed for lucky tots 1 to 8 years of age.

The pattern and embroidery design of both coat and hat are traced on good quality wool crepe ready to cut out, machine, and embroider. In cream, blue, pink, green, mid-brown, grey—here are the prices from our Needlework Department:

Sizes 1-2 years: Coat 5/11, hat 2/3, complete set 8/-; 2-4 years: Coat 6/11, hat 2/6, complete set, 9/3; 4-6 years: Coat 8/11, hat 2/9, complete set 11/6; 6-8 years: Coat 10/11, hat 2/11, complete set 13/3. Please add 6d. for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/6 complete; embroidery transfer, price 1/6 extra.

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(anti-spasm) compound
Ends Needless Suffering
Every Month...

The Australian Women's Weekly — Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss. Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.



INSTEAD of throwing a few biscuits, chips, and etceteras on plates when serving food buffet style, consider the eye-appeal of a tray "dolled-up" like this. It should take no more than two minutes to arrange. Use parsley to garnish.

A HALF-DOZEN different kinds of savory snacks are illustrated above, and recipes are given below for a dozen hot, satisfying and savory dishes. Take your pick! Ingredients given in each recipe are sufficient for four people — we hope!

BUFFET SNACKS for busy people

● These quick, easy, and satisfying savory dishes have been prepared by Mary Forbes, Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

NOTHING at all elaborate about these recipes for odd-time snacks. But how attractive they look in their individual dishes with their quickly arranged and colorful garnishes!

They take little time to prepare, and, served stimulatingly hot, any one will appeal to the tired war-worker, the daughter who has attended a lecture instead of the dinner table.

They are just right, too, for a luncheon committee meeting, for luncheon or supper visitors.

CORN POTATO CAKES

One pound mashed potato, 1 small tin corn, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, brown bread crumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter, small bacon rolls, little milk, pepper and salt, flour.

Combine the potato, corn, parsley, sauce, and pepper and salt to taste. If necessary, moisten with a little milk and bind with a dessertspoon of flour. Shape into flat cakes, brush with milk and cover with bread crumbs. Place a small piece of butter on each and grill. Serve hot, topped with bacon curls.

RICE MORNAV

Two ounces rice, 1 pint white sauce, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon

grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 2 small tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Cook rice in fast boiling salted water, drain and rinse. Add the lemon rind, juice, onion, mustard and quartered skinned tomatoes to the sauce and cook three minutes. Add half the cheese and the rice and heat thoroughly. Lastly stir in the parsley. Pile into individual dishes, sprinkle with cheese and glaze under hot grill, or in hot oven. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

CREAMED FISH IN BREAD CASES

One cup flaked cooked fish (crab, prawns, salmon, cod, miltet or bream), 1 pint well-flavored white sauce, lemon juice, 2 or 4 slices of fresh bread, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, parsley sprigs.

Remove crusts from the bread, cut into rings and press into greased patty tins. Brush with melted butter. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) until crisp and brown, about 7 minutes. Add the fish to the white sauce and season well with pepper, salt, and lemon juice. Fill the bread cases top with grated cheese and glaze in oven for one minute. Serve hot garnished with parsley sprigs.

DEVILED PRAWN SCALLOPS

One pint picked prawns, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon

lemon juice, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 cup chopped cucumber, 1½ cups milk, cayenne pepper, salt, tiny lemon wedges, prawn heads, and parsley for garnishing.

Fry the onion without browning in the butter. Stir in the flour and gradually stir in the milk. Simmer 3 minutes, and then add the cucumber. Simmer a further 3 minutes to develop the peppery flavor of the cucumber. Add the chopped hard-boiled egg, prawns, and slowly stir in the other seasonings. Serve in individual dishes garnished.

INDIAN CURRIED EGGS

Four hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon butter or good beef dripping, 1 small onion, 1 small apple, 1 banana, 1oz. raisins, 1½ dessertspoons curry powder, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 pint stock or water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, salt and pepper, 2oz. rice, parsley, lemon slices.

Fry the chopped onion in the fat and add the flour, browning well. Add the liquid, and then the grated apple, curry powder, lemon rind, raisins and sliced bananas. Cook 5 minutes. Add the sliced egg and season to taste. Serve very hot with small mounds of plain rice, garnished with sliced lemon and parsley.

CREAMED EGG AND CUCUMBER

Three hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup chopped cucumber, 1 teaspoon or 1 fine slice of onion, 1 pint white sauce, pepper and salt, parsley, brown bread crumbs.

Simmer the cucumber and onion in the sauce for five minutes. Add the sliced eggs and season to taste. Pile into individual dishes and sprinkle with browned bread crumbs. Garnish and serve piping hot with cheese toast fingers or hot cheese scones.

NUTTY MACARONI SCALLOPS

Two ounces macaroni, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon finely-chopped onion, 1 cup tomato puree, pepper and salt.

Cook the macaroni in fast boiling salted water, drain and rinse. Mix with the white sauce and half fill about six greased scallop dishes. Cover with half the combined cheese and nuts, and then the remainder of macaroni. Top with the combined tomato puree and onion and then with the remainder of nuts and cheese. Cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for about 10 minutes. Serve sizzling hot.

TOASTED DECKER SANDWICH

Four slices of bread for toasting, butter, 4oz. sharply-flavored cheese, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion or eschalot, 1 dessertspoon prepared mustard, pepper, salt, parsley, 1 small tomato.

Grate the cheese coarsely and combine with the chopped egg and onion. Add seasonings to taste and spread thickly between each 2 slices of bread, from which the crusts have been removed. Toast both sides until golden brown. Spread with butter and top with a hot slice of tomato sprinkled thickly with chopped parsley. Serve at once.

SHIRRED CORN AND BACON

One small tin of corn, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon butter, 4 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, pepper and salt, 1 tomato slice, 4 to 6 bacon rolls.

Heat the butter and milk and stir in the corn and well-beaten eggs, pepper and salt. Cook gently, stirring until lightly set. Pile into greased individual scallop dishes (four to six), sprinkle with cheese and top with slice of tomato and bacon roll. Cook in hot oven or under grill for just long enough to cook tomato and bacon roll. Serve hot.

CHEESED EGG RAREBIT

One and half cups good white sauce, 1 cup sharp grated cheese, 2 eggs, 4 slices bread, butter, pepper and salt.

Toast the bread, crush and trim crusts, and butter. Beat the egg-yolks into the hot sauce and add nearly all the cheese and cook very slowly for two or three minutes. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Pour over the bread, sprinkle lightly with the remainder of the cheese, and glaze or brown lightly under a grill or in hot oven. Serve at once, piping hot.

SAVORY FLAPJACKS

Four ounces wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/8th teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped onion, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon butter or good beef dripping, 1 egg, 1/3rd cup milk, 1 or 2 tomatoes, and 3rd bacon rolls.

Sift the flour, salt, and pepper well, tipping back the roughage. Rub in the fat and add the onion and parsley. Mix to a thick batter with beaten egg and milk. Drop in spoonfuls on a greased griddle or heavy frying pan, turning when browned on one side. Serve hot with fried or grilled tomato slices and bacon rolls.

SAUSAGE POPOVER SNACKS

Four ounces self-raising flour, 2 teaspoons butter, pinch salt, pinch pepper, 1/3rd cup milk, 1lb. sausage meat or 1 dozen cocktail sausages.

Sift the flour, salt, and pepper three times. Rub in the butter and mix to a soft dough with milk. Knead lightly on a lightly-floured board and roll to 1-inch thickness. Cut into rounds and moisten edges. Place a pricked cocktail sausage or small roll of sausage meat on each, and fold over, pressing edge. Brush with milk and sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

More good recipes

● Six alert readers win prizes in this week's contest.

EVERY week you have the opportunity of entering your best home-tested recipe in this contest.

And every week you can add to your collection selected prize-winning recipes from this page—a fine service, don't you agree?

EGGS AUSTRALIS (Savory Egg Entree)

Three eggs, 2 lamb kidneys, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup cooked rice, 6 bacon rolls, pepper, salt, 1 teaspoon very finely-chopped parsley.

Scald kidneys in boiling water, drain, and remove skin. Chop finely and saute in butter for 5 minutes, then add rice. Beat eggs and add to rice and kidney. Stir constantly over a low gas until eggs are just set. Season with salt and cayenne. Serve piping hot dusted with chopped parsley and topped with bacon rolls.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Maria Laby, c/o Mrs. Wilson, 122 Edwin St., Croydon, N.S.W.

DELICIOUS CREAMY DUMPLINGS

Peel 3 medium-sized apples, cut in halves, and remove pipe. Make a light pastry, roll a piece around each half apple and place (not too close together) in a deep dish. Add about 1 cup sugar and pour sufficient milk over to cover dumplings, bake in moderate oven about 1 hour, adding milk to keep almost covered while baking. The milk makes a delicious creamy sauce, and therefore does not require any additional custard or sauce for serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Arnold, Yargullen, via Oakley, Qld.

FARE-FIELD CASSEROLE

One rabbit, bunch fresh garden herbs, 1 bay leaf and 4 cloves, 1 turnip, onion, carrot, pepper and salt, 1lb. mashed potatoes, parsley, mint, thyme, 2oz. dripping, 1oz. pearl barley, 4 rolled rashers bacon, 1 pint stock.

Clean and joint rabbit. Fry lightly



EVER TRIED JAM WHIRLS made from a plain scone mixture? Well, do, they're delicious! Simply roll out dough, spread with jam and roll up as you would a rufy-poly, cut across, and bake in hot oven. Apple and raisins or lemon cheese also good for filling.

in dripping. Peel and slice vegetables, and also fry. Put together into a casserole with rolls of streaky bacon, herbs, cloves, seasoning and barley. Pour in stock and lightly dredge with flour. Cover and put into oven for 1½ hours. Beat cooked potatoes until creamy, sprinkle with herbs, pipe thickly over meat. Return to oven until lightly browned.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Peggy Dunlop, Room 2, Ground Floor, 12 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

MEXICAN FANCIES

Three tablespoons flour, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1½ cups cold minced ham, 6 bananas, good pinch of pepper, fat for frying.

Beat eggs well, add milk, onion, seasoning, flour, and ham. Drop tablespoons into boiling fat and fry to a nice brown; drain on paper. Dip bananas in lemon juice, dredge them with flour, fry brown and serve all together.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Judith Johnson, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

FISH AND TOMATO PIE

Grease pie dish with butter and line with sliced tomatoes, sprinkled with salt and pepper, little sugar, small onion finely minced. Put in fillets of fish, sprinkled well with breadcrumbs, cover with thick layer tomato slices. Dot with butter, bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Garnish with parsley. Serve with parsley sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Morrissey, 28 Sussex St., West End, Brisbane.

PLUM PUDDING

Two ounces butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup mixed fruit, a little mixed peel, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 cup cold water.

Put in saucepan and bring to boil, take off fire and add 1 well-beaten egg, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup self-raising flour. When well mixed put into greased steamer and steam 2 hours. Serve with custard sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Mounsey, 79 Woodlands St., Essendon, Vic.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

A GOOD housewife informs me that embroidery, lace or fine lingerie which has become badly yellowed may be made snowy white again by boiling in water to which the juice of a lemon and a little blue have been added.



YOU WON'T be afraid to wash the most delicate woolies if you follow the example of Maureen O'Sullivan, of MGM, pictured here. Before washing, lay garment on sheet of paper, run round shape with pencil. Wash, lay garment on the traced paper over towel, press into shape, dry.

MANY make the fatal mistake of putting bananas on ice to keep. Don't! This sends them black; spoils the fruit.

PERK up your old felt with fine glass-paper. Rub gently please. This brings up the nap beautifully.

WOODEN drain boards, mixing boards, bread boards keep beautifully white if rubbed over with a half lemon.

FOR early morning workers, sandwiches can be made overnight. This allows more time in the morning to prepare and serve breakfast. Wrap sandwiches in greaseproof paper or cloth. If cloth is used, damp half of it, fold and put dry part next to sandwiches. Keep in ice-chest or refrigerator overnight.



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KRAFT CHEDDAR MINCE PIE

Ingredients: 1 lb. Raw Minced Beef, 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoonful Worcestershire Sauce, 1 tablespoonful finely chopped onion, 3 oz. Kraft Cheese, 4 rashers bacon.



Method: Put meat, egg, onion, sauce, salt and pepper into casserole dish, then cheese. Lay bacon on top. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Serves five people at under 4d. each.



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